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9 THE WAY OF THE WORLD
Sir Robert Bruce Lockhart, K.C.M.G.

16 LATIN AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY
Lilo Linke

22 FACES UNMASKED

24 IMPERIAL STRATEGY
Brigadier O. L. Prior-Palmer

29 AUSTRIA AND HUNGARY
A Study in Contrasts
James Eastwood

34 . . . AND THE WORLD SAID!

36 SEARCH FOR A PHILOSOPHY
Kenneth Walker

40 THE CINEMA (6) A CASE FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRODUCER
SIR MICHAEL BALCON
Patrick Gibbs

45 WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE CIVIL SERVICE?
David Gunston

48 ASPECTS OF MODERN PAINTING
(13) Sunday Painters
Anthony West

49 ART INSET

53 ASPECTS OF MODERN PAINTING
(Contd.)

55 JUSTICE FOR HARINGTON
John Chapman

61 AUTHORS OLD AND NEW
(1) JOHN COWPER POWYS
The Man and His Work
Kenneth Hopkins

66 FIFTY YEARS AGO

69 NEW BOOKS

81 CROSS-SECTION

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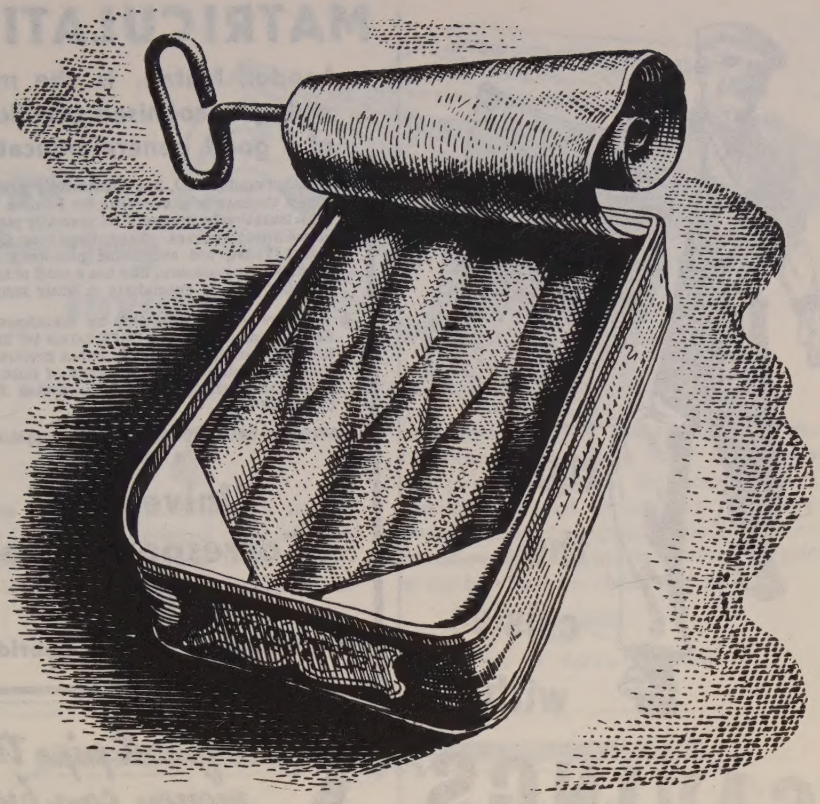

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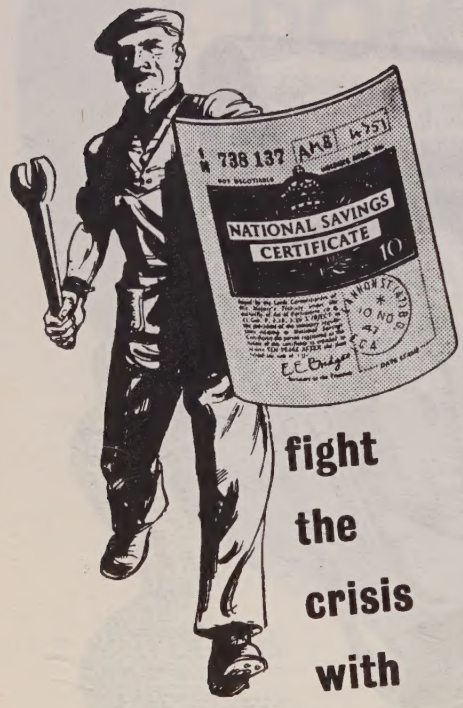

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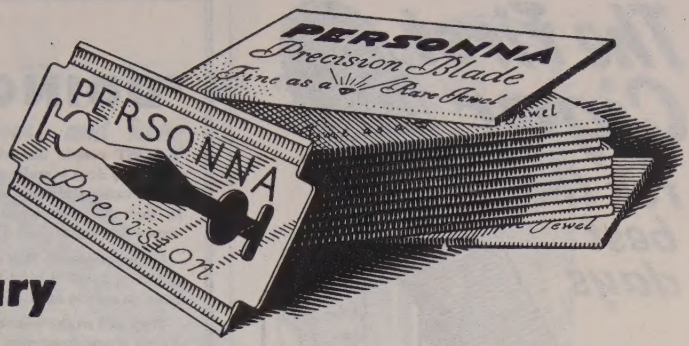

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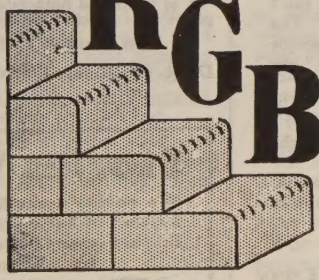

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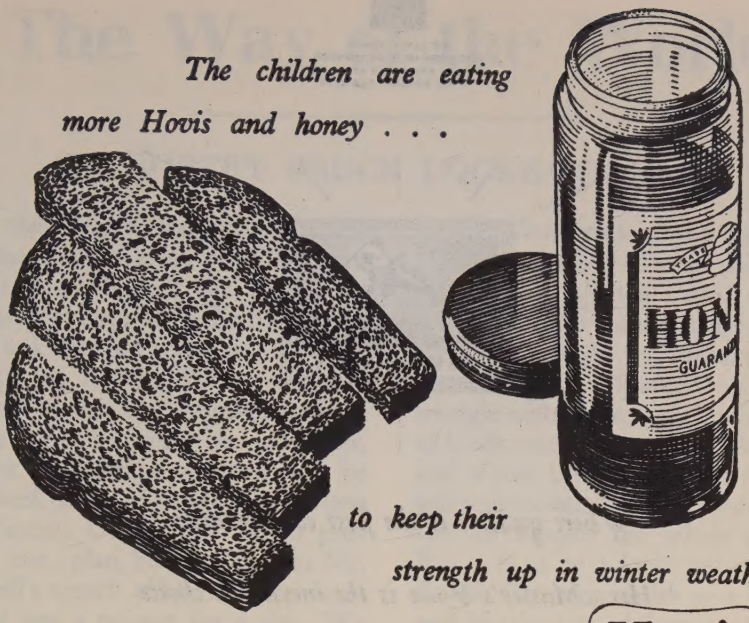

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The Way of the World

SIR ROBERT BRUCE LOCKHART, K.C.M.G.

Now that the effervescence of the first enthusiasm for the union of Western Europe has subsided, the public are beginning to appreciate the magnitude of the task that lies before us. This is as it should be. As Mr. Balfour said, it is true that, without enthusiasm, nothing can be done. But it is also true that, without knowledge, nothing can be done well. In announcing his readiness for Western Union, Mr. Bevin produced, not a plan, but an idea. Like Mr. Marshall's speech at Harvard last summer, it was a request for a plan. We shall not help it by calling it a plan before it becomes one. Planning, indeed, is the first essential, and many obstacles stand in its way. Time is against the countries of Western Europe, nor can they unite with the same single-minded decision which created the Eastern bloc whose unity is determined by the nod or power of Russia.

So far, the Soviet Union has no sympathy with federation, as we saw recently when the highly privileged Bulgarian Prime Minister, George Dimitroff, was foolish enough to give correspondents his views on the federation of Central Europe and the Balkans. Since Russia clearly prefers satellites to partners, M. Dimitroff was promptly put in his proper place. No country in the Western Union will hold such a preponderant position as Russia enjoys in the East. The nations which will form the Western Union will be partners, and some of them have large Communist Fifth Columns ready to disrupt the plan at the bidding of Russia. These nations will have to be wooed, and some of them will be difficult brides. All will want to know exactly what is meant, in fact and not merely in words, by Western Union. Presumably, it will take the shape of a triangle whose apex will be the affinity of ideals necessary to bind such a Union and whose base will be the economic and politico-strategic agreements necessary to support the whole structure. But is it to be a loose union like the British Commonwealth or a federated unit like the United States? Is it to have a rigid Customs Union or a flexible agreement about tariffs? These two problems can be, and are being, thrashed out. As far as their way of life is concerned, there is sufficient moral and cultural affinity between the Western nations to establish a common Western ideal. The economic arrangement is more difficult. If too much is attempted, there will be delays and perhaps insuperable obstacles. One factor must not be neglected. Mr. Marshall has always insisted that by his plan he seeks to rehabilitate all Europe and not merely one section of it. A Western Customs Union must not render his task more difficult or seek to restrict the possible expansion of trade with Russia and her satellites of the Eastern bloc.

We run into still greater difficulties when we come to the politico-strategic support. In plain words, political strategy means security, and without it any form of Western Union is deprived of reality. All the nations entering the Union will require it. Small countries

SIR ARTHUR FFORDE, *new Headmaster of Rugby, has had no previous experience of schoolmastering*

on the Eastern flank of the Union are already scared of Russia's reactions to the project. The security, therefore, will have to be strong as steel and, to convince the more exposed nations, must have no loop-holes of ambiguity. Let it be said at once that, although common defence agreements are essential and desirable, so low have we fallen that no security clause for any Western European state is worth the paper it is written on unless backed by the United States. American backing can be given in two forms. The United States Government, with Congress approval, can conclude separate treaties with each of the nations in the Western Union or it can inform the Soviet Government that all the states forming the Western Union are an American interest and that any aggression against them will be a *casus belli*. For obvious reasons the second proposal would be not only the more satisfactory but also the more easily obtainable, because it can be made to fit into the framework of the United Nations.

Finally, there is Germany, and this is probably the most difficult problem, for it is because of the battle for the body and soul of Germany that Europe is divided today. Many experts believe that a strong Western Germany is a vital necessity to the welfare of the Western Union. While we are building up Western Germany, Russia will be doing the same in her zone. The Germans, who share only one common desire, a united Germany, will play the Anglo-Americans off against the Russians and the Russians against the Anglo-Americans. The probable result will be that Germany, who has acquired a low opinion of democracy from her experience of Allied military government, may be ready to make war again much sooner than we expect. Indeed, one of our shrewdest diplomats said to me recently that in his opinion Russia would not be in a position to make war for at least eight years even if she wanted to do so. Germany, in whom the will would be strong, even if the arms were weak, might be ready sooner. And just as Germany has divided the Great Allies of the recent war, so too can she divide the nations of the Western Union, for, like Britain and France in 1919, the countries which compose the Union differ widely in their attitude towards Germany. All these problems have to be solved in an atmosphere of economic duress, scarcity and internal dissension and with the strange spectacle of the totalitarian Communist states proclaiming themselves democracies, and the real democracies becoming in the struggle for existence more and more totalitarian.

I enumerate these difficulties, not to throw cold water on the Bevin plan, but to illustrate the complexity of the problems to be faced and to convert

the complacent who, because they see headlines about Western Union in the newspapers, assume that it already exists. Complacency has forced us to fight two wars. If we are not to fight a third, and failure of the Bevin plan may well mean this, we shall have to redouble our energy and enthusiasm. The Union of Western Europe is a long-term project which calls for all our energy and all our qualities of leadership and perseverance.

Headmasters and British Youth

As one by one the leaders of the recent war fade from the limelight, the burdens of the future will fall more and more heavily on the shoulders of the young. What sort of youth are we producing today? We hear a great deal about education, but very little about its results. Early in the year public opinion was stirred into action by the appointment of Sir Arthur fforde, a man with no previous experience of schoolmastering, as headmaster of Rugby.

To complicate matters, the spokesman of the Rugby Governors justified the appointment on the ground of economic duress. In order that our great schools may make ends meet, the first qualification of a headmaster must be ability to draw up a balance sheet! This foolish statement caused all the trouble, and a spate of letters filled the newspapers. It was, I think, Santayana who wrote that a headmaster must pretend to know everything and that very soon pretence becomes conviction, and schoolmasters must not hope to escape criticism when they burst into print. Most of them were led astray by Sir William Spens' justification of the appointment and assumed that Sir Arthur fforde possessed *none* of the qualifications of a headmaster. Now the job of a headmaster is to inspire and guide both masters and boys. It is a pastoral and educational task. Who is going to train the staff in skill and inspiration in the class-room—or in the art of leading youth? To whom is the new young housemaster going to turn for wisdom and experience in dealing with the intricate problems of a house which is in a mess? Why are there now so many headmasters trained by Vaughan, greatest of all Rugby's headmasters, not excluding Arnold? The answer is that Vaughan had the deep heart of the whole business of schoolmastering in him.

Now several headmasters knew Sir Arthur fforde when they were housemasters at Rugby, and most of them, I think, would agree that he possessed in a high degree the qualities which go to the making of a great headmaster. If, therefore, Sir William Spens had said frankly that the Governors could find no man of the right age and calibre among schoolmasters, no bees would have hummed in busy bonnets. For it is an admitted fact that we have few outstanding schoolmasters between the ages of forty and fifty. To give one example, the Governors of Charterhouse not long ago spent much time in looking for a successor to Mr. Birley who went to Germany last year to help the military government. They wanted the right type of man between forty and fifty, could not find him, and in the end fell back on experience and considerable age. The reason why we have so few good men in the forties is, I am sure, that they belong to the age group of boys who were at school between 1916 and 1926, an all-lowest period in our recent educational history. I shall be surprised if Sir Arthur fforde does not make good. He has some admirable material to work on, for I am convinced

that the generation of youth which has been coming out of our schools during the last ten years is the best of any country in character, ability, and equipment for life.

I am wholly in favour of strong, frequent criticism of the public schools. But during the last two decades much nonsense has been written about them—presumably, in support of the now fashionable egalitarianism. By all means let us have equality of opportunity provided it is equality of talent. In all countries there must always be a higher education and it must be restricted. In no country is this restriction being carried out more scientifically than in Russia which has learnt by experience that in education the levelling process must be up and not down. It is a lesson our present rulers should not neglect.

Centenary of the Communist Manifesto

IN the centenary year of the Communist Manifesto, Social Democrats throughout the world have been busily engaged in paying fulsome tributes to Karl Marx, co-author with Engels of the Manifesto, which was written to explain the motives of, and above all to give a fillip to, the new Communist League. This emotional pamphlet has an historical interest, because its slogans have achieved international fame. Most of them are borrowed from previous revolutionaries. 'The proletarians have nothing to lose but their chains' was lifted from Marat; 'Workers of the world unite' from a German called Schapper. In other respects the Manifesto is insignificant.

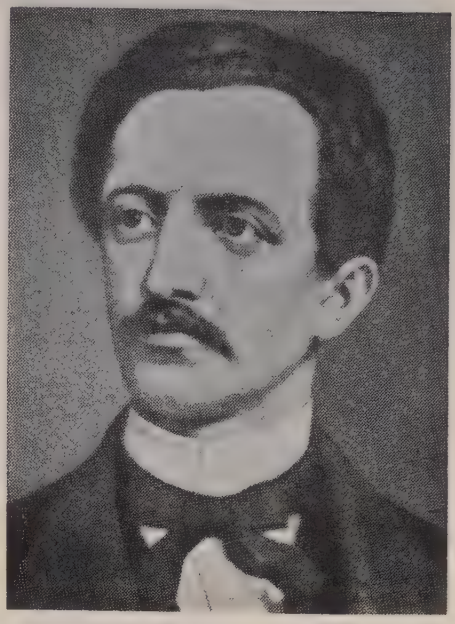
Marx himself, however, is important, and for the centenary anniversary Mr. Leopold Schwarzschild, who received deservedly high praise for his *World in Trance* and his *Primer of the Coming World*, has produced a new biography of the Bolshevik demi-god under the title of *The Red Prussian*. English literature on Marx is not rich either in quality or in quantity. Since 1930 Professor Carr and Mr. R. W. Postgate have written useful studies. There are also two excellent short biographies by Mr. Isaiah Berlin and Mr. Cecil Sprigge. Mr. Schwarzschild's book is therefore both timely and well worth reading. Well-documented and copiously supplied with footnotes and references, it makes out the case against Marx. I have only one criticism of it. By denying to Marx any virtue save that of intellect, he almost shakes the reader's confidence in his judgment. Admittedly greatness is sometimes the result of accident and often revives the old conundrum: does the great man make history or history the great man? Be this as it may, Marx is today at the pinnacle of his fame and, as Mr. Sprigge writes, 'throughout Europe and America and Asia a man's approach to the problems of his time is symbolised by his approach to Marx.'

Two qualities, indeed, Marx shared with his contemporary revolutionaries. Both he and Lassalle were inordinately ambitious. Both were indefatigable workers whose timetable would shock most modern students. Both had one advantage which frequently goes with greatness. They could do with very little sleep. In other respects Marx had a thoroughly unattractive character. If he could command devotion by his superior intellect, he gave none in return. He was unclean in his habits and, to say the least, careless about money. He sponged unscrupulously and unashamedly on Engels to whom he owed intellectual aid as well as financial support. To Lassalle, who also helped him financially, his ingratitude went as far as the basest suspicion of his helper's motives. Few great men

can have excelled him in intellectual arrogance. His jealousy amounted almost to a mania, and he was a master of ridding himself of rivals by the lowest forms of intrigue.

He was fortunate in the time of his death and in leaving his name to be the symbol of the Communist movement. Had he lived in more recent times, he would have gone to Moscow instead of London. He would have received a magnificent welcome, but his end might have been unpleasant. The Kremlin could never have supported a Stalin and a Marx simultaneously. Marx disliked Russians in the abstract; Stalin would assuredly have detested Marx in the flesh.

Although, as Mr. Schwarzschild points out, it is doubtful whether Marx would have approved of Communism in its Russian form, he has left something besides his name to Russia, and that is his doctrine of inevitability. In his essay on Marx, Trotsky accuses the bourgeois economists of refusing to think scientifically. They are, he wrote, content to confine themselves to a rather inexact description of certain economic facts. Their fundamental error has been to see in capitalism the normal existence of man instead of regarding it simply as an historical phase in the development of society. But Trotsky himself and, indeed, all Russian Communists, accept Marxism as an infallible Bible, and today the strongest belief in the Communist faith is the doctrine of inevitability—an inevitability, let it be said, which is to be achieved by the inevitable collapse of capitalism through increasing misery. In other words, the official political economy is dead. Marxism is alive and is apparently not subject to revision because it is infallible. It is a big claim, but it is certainly not a scientific claim.

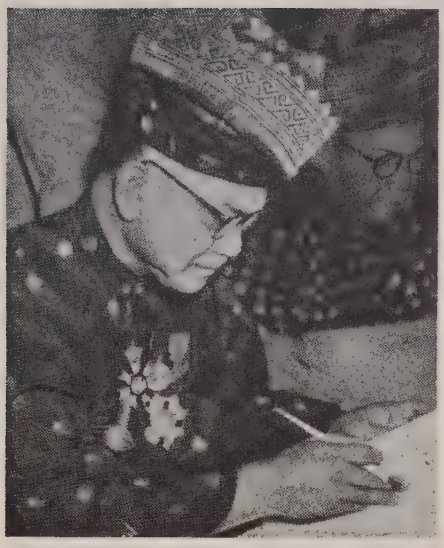


FERDINAND LASSALLE, 1825–1864, *to whom his fellow-Communist, Marx, showed the basest ingratitude*

Assuredly history has treated Marx well. The Russians have deified him, and the Marx-Engels Museum in Moscow is his shrine. It contains a hall with busts of all the international pioneers of Communism. The English niche has a strangely consorted trio consisting of Sir Thomas More, Oliver Cromwell, and George Bernard Shaw. Cromwell, presumably, represents the *Führerprinzip*, for he was also Hitler's hero.

The Changing East

In world affairs Europe remains the chief preoccupation, with Germany as the focal point. For the next three months Czechoslovakia will command increasing attention, for on the result of the coming general election will depend whether she will remain an independent democracy or be engulfed in the totalitarian maelstrom. In a Europe which is divided not only geographically but also ideologically, her



The ruler of Negri Sembilan signs the new Federation of Malaya, which now replaces the clumsy Act of Union imposed by Colonial Office

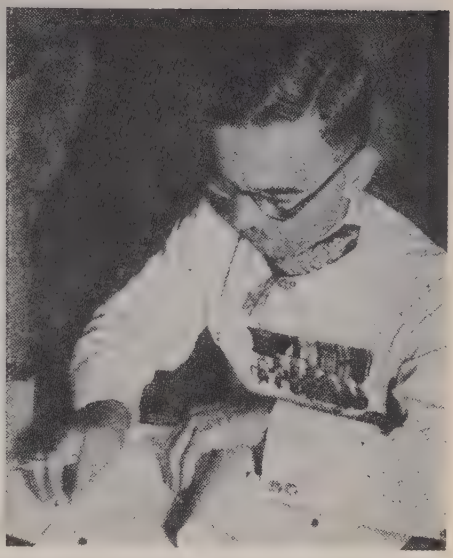
situation on the borderline of the iron curtain makes her freedom of action difficult. Her traditions are Western. She has a sturdy democracy rather to the left of the centre of our Labour Party, and, given free elections and no interference by the Russians, there is little chance of the Communists gaining complete control. But it is a big 'if', even although President Beneš, now restored to health but not the indefatigable worker that he once was, and M. Jan Masaryk are far more popular than any individual Communist.

I hope, however, that the sorry state of Europe will not distract the attention of our rulers from the affairs of our Colonial Empire. They are a very important factor in our own recovery. Africa can supply the economic sinews of the Western Union and African development is forging ahead satisfactorily.

Ceylon, not so long ago a rather difficult Crown Colony, has celebrated its freedom and its inauguration as a self-governing British Dominion with an enthusiastic show of gratitude which is the more pleasing because in these days it is rare, and Malaya has now accepted the new federation scheme after a long and rather chequered history of initial muddle and Whitehall blunders. It is a considerable step towards self-government and, as Malaya is one of our best dollar-winners, her tranquillity is a matter of supreme importance. Like all her neighbours, she has been infected by the slogan of Asia for the Asiatics, and the resentment caused by the tactless manner in which the Colonial Office rushed through a series of treaties immediately after the war, did not subside as quickly as most people expected, largely because of the top-heavy structure of administration imposed by London. A Governor-General, two Governors, and a Foreign Office Tuan Besar in the person of Lord Killearn was inviting trouble from a small country which had hitherto given no trouble. The problem of rehabilitation was complicated by the mixed population in which the Chinese threaten to outnumber the indigenous Malays, and, although the mixed population is in itself a guarantee against excessive nationalisation, the Malays were determined to ensure that, in what they rightly regard as their homeland, they were not to be swamped by foreigners. Mr. Malcolm MacDonald, who has learnt to adapt himself to the changing East, handled the situation with admirable tact and, although the Chinese are not entirely satisfied, he has succeeded in winning their confidence and respect. He is even more popular with the Malay and British communities, and with a slice of luck both he and we should now be able to look forward to quieter times in Malaya.

After a much more troubled period, Indonesia has also come to terms with

the Dutch and has become a self-governing Commonwealth of the Netherlands. Here the restoration of order will be a more difficult problem, for large areas, especially in Sumatra, have acknowledged neither the Dutch nor the Indonesian Republic and have been out of hand ever since the war. In Sumatra bands of Bataks are still being led by Japanese. One must hope for the best, but we must recognise that the whole position in this part of the East has changed, and that the economic consequences may be very serious. In Burma, Malaya and Indonesia there are nearly 100,000,000 people. It is the white man who, for better or worse, has created these populations. Without his presence, tribe would have fought tribe, and the population would be perhaps a tenth of what it is today. It is the white man who has civilised these people, developed their countries, and created the agriculture which feeds them. Call what has been achieved in the past exploitation, white man's burden or what you will, the fact remains that the populations have grown and that, under British and Dutch rule, Chinese have come in to assist development. Today the white man's rule is ended. His co-operation is still needed. It may not be wanted; it may not even be easy to obtain. Increase of wages in the tin industry and on the plantations is making the employment of Europeans more and more difficult. Even in Malaya the right type of young man in this country is not so eager to go to the East. He has seen what happened in Burma and in India, and he asks himself, very naturally: 'Where shall I be in five years or ten years from now?' Yet without the white man's co-operation, large-scale starvation with all its horrors may very easily happen. It will need wise government and cool heads if it is to be avoided.



SIR EDWARD GEN *signs. He will now be High Commissioner of the new Federation. Singapore will be separate*

And now a last word about Gandhi, who was murdered after my last month's article was already in print. That his death is a grave threat to peace in India has already been stated, but there is one point which I think has been missed. To his own countrymen and, indeed, to half the world he was a saint. His one desire was to make India free. His method was non-violence. We may have treated him harshly at times, although I think that he bore no grudge. But in what totalitarian state would he have been able to put into effect his policy which was meant not only as an active policy for India, but also as an example to the whole world? The answer is that non-violence would have speedily been ended by violence. We may have done much that was wrong in India, but when the passions of today have become ashes, history will remember the good and mark it to our credit.

3

The heart of Bogota, capital of Colombia. The inter-American Conference opens on 20 March in the Parliament buildings (on right)

LATIN AMERICA AND DEMOCRACY

Great contrasts of wealth and poverty exist in the twenty Latin American Republics. Lilo Linke, authoress and traveller, analyses the many reasons why at the moment there is so much democracy in *theory*—and so little in *practice*

LILO LINKE

If you want to get a true picture of the politico-social life in Latin America, do not study the Constitutions of the twenty republics, or any other official documents and declarations. They can only mislead you by their extremely advanced ideas and, besides, they may be replaced next week by still more progressive ones. Making National Constitutions is a favourite pastime of Latin American politicians, perhaps because so many of them are lawyers and, as Latins, they glory in noble words and sentiments.

The Constitutions will tell you, among other things, that all citizens are equal. They do not mention the existence of semi-feudal systems so characteristic of quite a number of Latin American republics; of illiteracy which in some countries blindfolds three-quarters of the population; of racial differences, with the white minority on top and Negroes and Indians firmly relegated to the bottom; of contrasts in wealth that allow some Latin Americans to figure among the world's richest men while millions own but the clothes they stand up in and a resting place on the floor of a mud-hut; of a population unevenly distributed in a few big towns, half European, half North American in appearance, in some hundred sleepy provincial places with less than 20,000 inhabitants, thousands of isolated hamlets, and hundreds of thousands of

scattered huts hardly ever reached by a voice from outside. Such are the actual conditions in the majority of countries under discussion. Nobody will therefore be surprised to hear that neither political equality nor democracy has as yet been firmly established everywhere.

In fact, it is only too well known that Latin America suffers from an abundance of dictators. Many of the Presidents owe their position not to free universal elections, but to an agreement with a handful of politicians, army generals, representatives of the 'vested interests'. Popular uprisings in the bigger towns often serve to eliminate a head of state who abuses his power too blatantly, though it may also happen that the heroic street-fighters discover after a while that they have merely helped a rival tyrant into power.

European newspaper readers need not be overmuch impressed by the frequency of 'revolutions'. Most of them affect only a limited number of people and are merely a cheaper and quicker way to select new leaders than the cumbersome and rarely clean poll. In some of the twenty republics, of course, elections are honest, revolutions rare, governments supported by a majority vote and subject to opposition and censure, while even in the rest political conditions fluctuate between bad and worse, or better. Venezuela, which for decades suffered from one of the most typical Latin American dictatorships, has just had its first completely free elections for President of the Republic, for which special arrangements were made to facilitate the voting for the illiterates, usually deprived of their suffrage. Costa Rica, one of the smallest of the republics (*c.* 700,000 inhabitants), enjoys all the benefits of a well-functioning democracy, a high literacy rate (85 per cent) and a prosperous farming community. In 1936, voting was even made compulsory there for all male citizens over twenty, or eighteen if married.

But perhaps the most outstanding case of a progressive democracy is that of Colombia; her two-party system and the peaceful swing-over from Conservatives to Liberals and vice versa bear a certain resemblance to those of Great Britain. It is interesting, however, that even there, out of a total population of nine-and-a-half million, maybe no more than 600,000 will vote in important elections. The basis on which active political life in Latin America takes place is narrow indeed, the chief reasons being the isolation and ignorance in which so many people are still living.

Political Parties

The political parties do little to educate the citizens in whom, apart from election times, they show little interest. Nearly everywhere we find Conservatives and Liberals, under these or similar names. Roughly speaking, the Conservatives represent the land-owners and the Catholic Church, the Liberals the business and banking interests with connections abroad. Neither these two nor any of the other parties stick closely to any programme. For most of them, 'Declaration of Principles' and 'Programme for Immediate Action' are what the Constitution is to Parliament: something to debate and shelve. Many of the parties are formed *ad hoc* for a particular election and afterwards fused with others or dissolved.

Somewhat different and of recent history are the Socialist and the Communist Parties, not always appearing under these clear-cut names. As is the case elsewhere, they fight against each other for the support of the 'working class', whatever there is of it in these predominantly agricultural countries. They do not bother much about the support of the peasants even where they form the vast majority of the population; their problems are too great, they live too scattered and, because of their illiteracy, they may not even be allowed to vote. If they also happen to be Indians, of whom there are about ten millions in the Andes alone, they stand altogether apart from the rest of the nation.

The workers, on the other hand, are organised at least in part, though many 'trade unions' are little different from mediæval guilds, and live in the bigger

Mexico City—a typical Latin American boom town—everything for the foreign tourist!

towns where they can be used to exercise pressure on the government, so that they form a definite attraction for the politicians of the Left, in spite of their limited numbers.

Just now, however, the Communists are suffering a reverse. Recently, those of Brazil were outlawed (they were said to have had about 130,000 members and thereby formed the biggest C.P. in the Western Hemisphere), while those of Chile, who had repeatedly shared government responsibilities, were also heavily attacked. It is obvious that the Latin American governments, be it for reasons of their own, be it to please the U.S.A., are out to put as many obstacles as possible in the Communists' way. The Socialists, usually more of an intellectual general staff than an army, may be the winners.

The press, another potential educator of the people, cares as little about this rôle as do the political parties. It is a money-making machine, in spite of the limited circulations owing to widespread illiteracy and lack of transport. Costs are low because foreign news comes in from the big international agencies at an insignificant subscription fee, while local reporters and editors receive just enough money to keep them from giving up the job.

As soon as the paper is well established, the owners—frequently members of the same family—launch weekly and monthly magazines, open small commercial radio stations, and build cinemas, until a whole network of these enterprises covers the town, catching hold from all sides of the people and their earnings.

Internal politics are dealt with merely from the news angle: a definite political line followed by comparatively few of the papers. To criticise the government is costly. If an editor or journalist does so too continuously, the government may force him to quit the paper and maybe the country, unless he prefers to go to prison. Every government pays lip-service to the freedom of the press, but most Latin American Presidents find little difficulty in being granted emergency powers by their obliging parliaments, or will discover some legal trick to deal with those who 'abuse' that freedom. The smashing of printing presses is another way of showing official displeasure, though the government usually

The isolation of provincial towns—a few houses in the midst of nowhere—contrasts forcibly with the 'Americanised' capital cities

washes its hands of such rough proceedings.

In books, however, Latin Americans are free to express the most revolutionary ideas. It is in the vigorous young literature that we find perhaps the truest description of the life of Latin America's ordinary citizens. Naturally the tale is often one of violence, of the struggle of man against man, and of man against nature, of man's flight from justice. Nearly everywhere in Latin America, quarrels over affairs of honour, of business, of love are traditionally settled among those directly concerned by a quick bullet or the slash of a bush-knife. The saying goes:

'Above my horse, I.
Above me, my hat.
Above my hat, God.'

There is no room in such a world for a judge. Besides, how could even the worst crime be punished in such a vast continent where the jungle creeps up to the very outskirts of the town and where a man can get lost without a trace? Only the Indians and the poor in general cannot so easily run away. There is a bitter proverb in some parts of Latin America: 'The law is like a dog: it bites only those who wear a *poncho*[1].' They easily get into conflict with the law: drunkenness, the refusal to comply with a white man's whim, a quarrel over land or water rights may well bring them into court and prison. Many of the best works of contemporary authors deal with the desperate lot of these helpless masses, exploited by their masters, by the Catholic Church still extremely backward in Latin America, by shysters, and by the government administration.

A competent administrative machine is certainly one of the great safeguards of democratic rights. But imagine countries where government employees are blown into and out of office by ever-changing winds that do not distinguish between chaff and grain—what confidence can the ordinary citizen have in such a machine? Yet one should not blame the governments. They are besieged by the politicians who have to find jobs for their friends and supporters.

Agriculture and mining, principal sources of Latin America's wealth, are generally still run on primitive lines.

[1] Blanket with a slit for the head, which serves the natives as a coat

Mexican peasants, in spite of twenty-five years of revolution and land reforms, are still desperately poor

Men use only the simplest weapons: hoe, wooden plough, bush knife, or pickaxe. Only Indians, Negroes—originally brought to the New World as slaves—and the poorest and most backward people will work on the land or in the mines. For overseers and technicians, there is a limited need; many of them are foreigners since foreign companies own most of the mines and a considerable number of big plantations. Hitherto, Latin Americans have shown little interest in technical jobs, for which few training facilities were available.

Industries are now quickly developing, from soap to tyre factories. Most of their workers are still nearer to casual labourers than to specialised trade unionists. The technical and clerical staff is comparatively small and for the average enterprises frequently recruited from the factory owner's widespread family. Commerce of importance is carried on only in ports and in the few big towns; elsewhere it consists of shopkeeping, again on a family basis.

There are the professions, of course, but Latin America already suffers from a super-production of lawyers and, to a lesser degree, of doctors of medicine. They tend to congregate in the bigger towns where they are forced into fierce competition. In one town of 250,000 inhabitants I once counted 187 lawyers and more than 120 medical practitioners. From closer observation I learned that only too many of them were finding it extremely hard to make even a modest living. Yet they would not establish themselves in the smaller places where the mass of the people are too poor to consult them except in emergencies, and where life offers few amenities.

'Wire-pulling'

The middle and lower middle classes therefore turn to the government and claim almost as a constitutional right that it should provide them with a job. Since the government cannot possibly satisfy all, the job-hunter needs some 'pull'. This is generally obtained in a roundabout way. Thus A will get in touch with B who passes him on to C; C introduces him to D, until he finally reaches the man who can deal with his request, this being either G or more likely H. It may further happen that by the time all this has been accomplished, the government has changed, peacefully or by revolution, and then A has to start all over again with a different set of people. It makes for a leisurely life, for interesting personal contacts, but hardly for economy and progress, and it certainly does not testify to any equality of rights. Any effort to reduce the size and influence of the government machine would have to come from the politicians, and they are the last to desire it.

Rarely does merit count. The lucky one who obtains a post will make little effort to prove his worth. It is better to lie low in the hope of being overlooked at the next political change-over, or to make hay while the sun shines. This explains why the administrative machine of Latin America is slowed down by dilatory tactics on the part of the employees afraid of assuming responsibility, or tampered with by corruption, or both.

The town-dwellers at least are bound to contact the government frequently since its sphere of influence is wide. Politics and economics are closely intertwined. Members of the government are often the country's leading business men. For lack

of progressive private enterprise, the government may take in hand production and run factories and heavy industries, besides public utilities in general. Expropriations of foreign companies have brought petrol fields, railways, etc., under government control, and increasing national pride and desire for independence from the 'imperialist powers' urges additions to the list all the time. In consequence, more and more people earn their living as government employees.

Obstacles to Progress

If this summary description of conditions applies to the majority of republics, does it mean that the situation is hopeless? Most definitely not. It means only that certain changes have to be brought about before progress can be made. Nobody knows this better than the Latin Americans themselves. Rarely in all my travels have I met people more given to honest self-criticism. On every aspect of their political and social life, Latin American authors have written numerous volumes fearlessly exposing weak points. If little has been done to bring about the necessary changes, it is because the time is not yet ripe.

More than once Latin America's development has been fatefully interrupted. The Spaniards who arrived as conquerors in the New World some 450 years ago attempted a fusion with its better elements (better, naturally, as seen from their point of view), but they were only partly successful. Early last century, their rule came to an end with the establishment of a whole series of independent republics. For historical reasons and because they felt uncertain in their new form of existence, the young countries kept on looking to Europe for inspiration. Then, when the moment seemed near at last for them to turn their eyes to their own reality and begin to grow up in their proper way, the First and Second World Wars violently interfered. From 1941 onwards, the U.S.A. took over the political, economic, and in many ways even the spiritual, leadership of South. They brought new schemes for the exploitation of raw materials, modern radio programmes, English lessons, scholarships, health instruction, armaments. They brought money and activity and much real help, but they also pushed Latin America on to ways for which it was not yet ready, or which were alien to its nature. Now a period of reaction against this influence may be expected as part of Latin America's awakening to its historical rôle. It would be a mistake to see in this nothing but a Communist ruse.

Something else must be borne in mind. Many of Latin America's inner difficulties are due to the vastness of this undeveloped continent-and-a-half that stretches from the Rio Grande right through the tropical zone down to the snow-covered Tierra del Fuego, a world of volcanoes, ocean-like rivers, impenetrable jungle and barren deserts, where men seem but fleas on an elephant's back. To establish order where nature herself is in continuous rebellion is indeed a task for mental and moral giants, or at least for men equipped with better instruments than hitherto. Perhaps of all future technical advances road construction will be the most vital single factor making for progress even in such apparently outside fields as politics.

And if there is one human feature that is bound in the end to redeem the New World, it is the Latin Americans' innate love of freedom. For the sake of it, at all times, distinguished intellectuals or simple University students have been ready to risk their lives, to go to prison or into exile. In any Latin American capital there will be dozens, maybe hundreds, of men living who have found refuge there from persecution in their own countries. The Argentine journalists, University Professors and students now crossing in a steady stream the Rio de la Plata to escape Perón's persecution and settle for the duration of his régime in Montevideo, Uruguay's capital, are only the youngest recruits in this libertarian Latin American Army continually on the move across the continent. Their lives are the guarantee that democracy has a future in Latin America.

FACES UNMASKED: *a new regular*

Purring mikeside voice

Dr. CHARLES HILL, 'Radio Doctor'

DR. CHARLES HILL, the man who is leading Britain's doctors into the fray against Aneurin Bevan's national health scheme, is better known to millions of B.B.C. listeners as 'The Radio Doctor'. His purring, mikeside voice has often explained Tommy's headaches and Grandma's arthritis. Secretary of the British Medical Association, and spokesman for 53,000 doctors, he has no time for half-measures, soft words or technical pomposities.

A roly-poly sort of person, he is simple, completely unaffected and, though London born and bred, he typifies one's idea of a country doctor. Now 44, he was born in a middle-class family in North London. Charles Hill won scholarships which took him to St. Olave's School in South London and to Trinity College, Cambridge. He took his Cambridge M.D. after a training period in a London Hospital. He became Assistant-Secretary of the B.M.A. in 1932. He moved up to his present post shortly before the war.

Above all, Dr. Charles Hill is human, friendly and tolerant of superstitions. He can make medicine understood by all. His radio talks, full of warmth and broad humour, have done much to promote preventive medicine. In his fight against Bevan, he has proved a good organiser and an eloquent campaigner.

LEWIS DOUGLAS, U.S. Ambassador

WITH the Marshall Plan working its painful way through Congress, one man stands out as the most likely personality to head its administration—Lewis William Douglas, U.S. Ambassador in London.

He is the kind of American Britons like and understand. A dapper little man, he has an infectious smile, a ready wit and an immense capacity for work; he dislikes publicity and never plays to the gallery. In tastes, he remains a small-town man. Now fifty-three, he was born in the tiny Arizona township of Bisbee. His Scottish grandfather once owned copper mines all the way from Canada to Mexico. 'Lew' Douglas spent much of his childhood in North Mexico. Then he went to school in New York State and later studied history at Amherst. During World War I, he served in France as a lieutenant.

As a Republican, Lewis Douglas was three times elected to Congress. His experiences have been extremely varied: he managed Franklin D. Roosevelt's first New Deal budget until he quarrelled with his chief. Later, he was boss of a large industrial concern, American Cyanamid, and left that to become President of Montreal's McGill University. Prior to the last war, he headed a huge insurance firm, the Mutual Life of New York. He is a sound, solid man, and an economist with common sense.

Never plays to the gallery

His confidence inspires others

RENÉ MAYER, French Finance Minister

HIS devaluation of the franc sowed panic in the world's currency markets, but it now shows a promise that French inflation will be curbed and French exports boosted.

The most interesting trait in his character is that he is totally impervious to public opinion. He enjoys riding through storms of criticism; when his enemies say that he is ruining France, he smiles and says: 'Wait and see.' His confidence inspires others.

Now fifty-three, René Mayer was born in a Parisian Jewish family. He studied Literature at the Sorbonne. He taught in the famous Ecole des Sciences Politiques and left to become one of the founders of Air France, to which he gave a sound financial basis.

In 1940, being a Jew, he was ostracised by Vichy's laws. Later, he passed into Spain and reached North Africa where he helped Generals de Gaulle and Giraud. He belongs to Edouard Herriot's Radical Party and is France's foremost financial expert.

A short, stocky man with a gruff manner, he has few friends but many people, even sober de Gaulle, admire him. His subordinates fear the flash in his ice-cold eyes and his frequent anger. He always does what he thinks best without regard to the consequences. When his plan was attacked he said: 'If devaluation is rejected, I am going.'

feature giving descriptive 'close-ups' of people in the news

CICELY LUDLAM, Woman Diplomat

First British woman ambassador?

AT the age of twenty-three, this attractive Sheffield-born girl is Britain's first regular woman diplomat. One of Foreign Secretary Ernest Bevin's bright young things, she has just been appointed Third Secretary at the British Embassy in Belgrade and has already taken up her post in Tito's capital. She has taken advantage of the Foreign Office reorganisation during the war, which enables women to qualify for full diplomatic posts abroad.

Born in a middle-class family, Cicely Ludlam went through normal schooling and developed a lively interest in foreign relations. At the end of 1945, she joined Bevin's staff after passing a stiff Civil Service examination.

She spent a week-end at a country establishment being tested by psychologists who noted her reactions to environment, types of people, abrupt questions, etc. She then passed an examination in languages and current affairs at home and abroad.

She is of medium height, dark-haired and is very attractive. She has much natural charm and a disposition which meets people halfway.

At the Belgrade Embassy, her special duties include the study of social conditions and the status of women in Yugoslavia. Her salary is £400 per year plus expenses. She may become Britain's first woman ambassador.

DEL GIUDICE, Film Producer

THE ebullient, back-slapping 'Mr. Del', who has turned out thirty-one British films in recent years, is back at work after a stormy exit. An industrialist, William G. Riley, recently stepped in to finance his latest venture, Pilgrim Pictures.

Del Giudice's nature invites publicity. In 1932 he reached Britain penniless after escaping Mussolini's police. He was born in Trani, near Bari, fifty-four years ago. At the ripe age of twenty-six, he was already King's Counsel and could out-talk anybody.

As a British film-maker, he is a complete anachronism. He speaks broken English with gusto; he is more than a little showy—his Buckinghamshire country house is a cross between a Continental museum and an American cocktail bar; he is impulsive, brilliant, erratic and umbrageous; he started without money, he is still not a rich man and yet his films, like *In Which We Serve*, *Henry V*, *The Way Ahead*, etc., have made millions. In the film industry he is the star turn, a juggler on a shoestring.

He has succeeded mostly by maintaining a blind faith in his artists—his 'Talent', as he calls them—by letting them do as they please and shouldering the irritating financial consequences himself. He is friends with everybody, including austere Sir Stafford Cripps, whom his mixture of bombast and cold thinking have thawed.

Juggler on a shoestring

MIRZA ALI KHAN, Fakir of Ipi

From mechanic to king?

BEHIND the Moslem rebellion in Kashmir is a tall, fair-skinned man, known to Indian Intelligence officers as Mirza Ali Khan. The son of a Srinagar carpet-maker, he once worked as a mechanic. But to thousands of Waziristan tribesmen he is the Fakir of Ipi, a saint, a famous crackshot and the uncontested leader of their fight against British, and now Hindu, rule.

The Fakir of Ipi has a flaming red beard. He usually wears a kind of knee-length robe, baggy trousers and a turban. His career as a fighter began in 1920. A member of the Tori-Khel tribe, he supported a movement which aimed at re-creating a Moslem kingdom in India. He operated in the North-West Frontier Province against the British, and at one time, no less than 30,000 troops were in the field against him. But his hold over the tribes was so great that he was never fully beaten. He is crafty, intelligent and an able guerrilla leader.

Learning one day that British planes were going to release leaflets over a rebel village, he told the people: 'The Infidel's bombs will not hurt you.' He went into a dervish-like trance and asked Allah to turn the bombs into harmless paper. The leaflets came down and the Fakir gained more followers. Now, the former mechanic is reported to have one more aim: he wants to be King of Waziristan.

If the darkened circle with a radius of 1,500 miles—a conservative estimate of the range of modern weapons—had its centre in the Balkans instead of in England, the area of the Middle East would be effectively covered!

Imperial Strategy

Changes in international affairs and scientific developments require a reassessment of the fundamentals of Imperial defence. This article, written before publication of the White Paper on Defence, bears out many of its conclusions

BRIGADIER O. L. PRIOR-PALMER, D.S.O., M.P.

THE writer of an article on Imperial Strategy is beset by many difficulties, the chief of which is the rapidity with which the situation changes, and the uncertainty as to the future. He is handicapped by lack of the detailed knowledge, to be found only in the secret files of Government Departments, and over all hangs a large question mark formed from the dust which rose from Nagasaki and Hiroshima.

As a basis for argument, therefore, he must have recourse to assumptions and imagination, reinforced by a few established facts.

Since the whole concept of future Defence Strategy must be influenced by the reply to the Atomic question mark, it is profitable at the outset to face up to it.

A study of history will show that, for each new method of destruction, the antidote has been found. There is, therefore, the possibility that an effective neutraliser may emerge.

Greater hope for the future of civilisation may lie in the certainty of immediate and effective retaliation of its employment.

In the report rendered to President Truman by the Air Policy Commission set up by him, is a recommendation that, before the end of the five years' grace during which they consider the United States may enjoy freedom from atomic attack, 18,000 first-line aircraft must be built, capable of delivering paralysing counter-attacks on enemy installations.

They regard that as the only real insurance against atomic war.

It is now possible to look at more orthodox factors, and it is at once obvious that the Strategy of the Defence of the Commonwealth and Empire is inseparably linked with that of the American Continent. An objective study of this subject should be conducted in relation to the potential origin of attack, and it is obvious that the danger, if any, must come from the Eurasian Continent.

What, then, are the frontiers which will exist at the time of the outbreak of hostilities? It is proposed to assume, and at the moment there is little that would encourage other assumptions, that the limits of this Continental mass in general are the real strategic frontiers. Allowance must be made for variations and these would be slight and probably not permanent. A pessimistic picture, possibly, but it is wise to prepare for the worst.

Having set the stage, let us now examine the factors which affect Commonwealth and Empire defence.

Owing to the scattered nature of our Dominions and Colonies, the problem is more complicated than it is for Continental Powers working, as they will, on internal lines as against the exterior lines on which the Empire and its allies must work.

In the past this dispersion has been a handicap, but it can be argued that in a future world conflict, in which long-range guided missiles will play a vital part, our national dispersion and water communications may prove an advantage over an enemy comparatively concentrated and relying on rail transport for the movement of his bulk supplies. The shipping on which we must continue to rely for any bulk movement will remain vulnerable

to underwater and air attack, but will be comparatively immune from guided missile attack at long range, except at the terminal points.

Pacific and Mediterranean

A complicating factor which affects the Imperial outlook is the divergent interests of the Dominions. Australia and New Zealand are generally interested in Pacific problems, particularly Malaya, the Singapore base and India. South Africa is clearly more concerned with the Mediterranean area. Canada is more closely linked with American Defence Problems than those of these Islands, with the exception of the sea communications with Great Britain.

It may be profitable to examine these areas of interest. In the Pacific, the importance of Malaya and India remain paramount: Malaya for its rubber and tin, India for its rubber and increasing industrialisation including, as it does, its ability to manufacture war stores. The effects of the early loss of Singapore in the last war are still too clear in our minds to require emphasis here, and it must still be regarded as a key point in Imperial defence. In other words, the problems of the Pacific remain much as they were. The independence of Burma, the Federation of Malay States, and the granting of Dominion status to India and Pakistan, tend to complicate the problem, whereas the disarmament of Japan simplifies it.

In the Mediterranean, however, the scene has altered considerably, and uncertainty as to the future militates against a true assessment of the situation. It is in the area of the Middle East that it becomes difficult to gauge what in fact are, or will be, the frontiers.

Italy, Greece, Syria, Palestine and Persia all provide food for speculation, but it is not too much to say that, at best, it is in this region that the forward line of outposts will run. No longer can we visualise bulk movement through this extremely vulnerable line of communication. Egypt can no longer be regarded as anything but a forward base: so that an entirely new conception is necessary. The permanent base must move south, and a study of the map will at once point to Kenya as a probable location. But if the passage of the Mediterranean is to prove too hazardous to be relied upon, is the long sea route via the Cape to be accepted as the only alternative? The answer should be in the negative. It is vitally important that the trans-African route, which was partially developed and used during the last war, should be perfected.

Something will be said later about the defensibility of key strategic areas and points, and into this category falls the area of Middle East oil. If it is found untenable in the event of a major conflict, then the whole burden of supply will fall on the American Continent, with its accompanying problems. No longer will mechanised forces on the African Continent find that petrol is more easily obtainable than water.

Much more could be said about this important region if space permitted.

Let us now examine some of the more obvious factors which affect the North American Continent. There are two distances of interest: the distance from Khabarova to the North Coast of Canada across the North Pole is approximately 2,600 miles. Modern rocket projectiles are estimated to have a range far in excess of this—as much as 6,000 miles has been suggested. The Bering Strait is only seventy miles wide.

These two facts will explain the very close collaboration which now exists between Canadian and American defensive thought. A closely related factor is the Alaska highway, that brilliant monument to enterprise and collaboration between two separate nations—a weakness, in the event of an invasion of the North American Continent, or a source of strength? Initially it must, of course, be a source of strength, and in the event of subsequent enemy success, it need not prove a source of weakness, for it may be regarded as one long defile both easily defensible and easily destructible.

The Canadian problem is altering, and

it becomes more apparent that her security is bound up with that of the U.S.A. and that she would require every unit of manpower and ounce of effort in safeguarding her own frontiers. Apart, therefore, from the Atlantic routes, it is unlikely that Britain can rely on help from Canada as she has in the past.

Is Britain Defensible?

We return home to find another big question mark. Are these islands any longer defensible? Can they be used once again as a forward base for air, sea and land operations? Is the mighty war potential of our factories in jeopardy?

In the light of subsequent knowledge, it is interesting to consider what would have been the effect in the recent war of sustained attack on our cities by long-range missiles, had the attack been highly developed by 1944. It is clear that the impact might have proved disastrous.

An arc of a circle drawn with its centre in the Industrial Midlands and having a radius of 1,500 miles, a conservative estimate of the range of modern weapons, reaches to Greece, the Black Sea and the White Sea. The possibility of such future attack is therefore apparent and disturbing, particularly if the missiles contained the germs of bacteriological warfare.

On the other hand, let it be assumed for a moment that a potential enemy decided that it would be a mistake to destroy the highly productive installations of this island; that if captured they would not only be denied to the Empire but would provide for themselves a great accretion of strength. Under these circumstances, and in the days of 'press-button' wars, is it beyond the bounds of reason to suggest that the first indication of hostile intention might be the landing of several airborne divisions overnight on Britain? In such conditions the need for rapid reinforcement of the landing by ground forces, hitherto considered essential, would not exist. Such a necessity is confined to drops into territory infested with highly organised troops. Friendly nations would be faced with the decision as to whether to continue to supply this country with food or deny supplies in order that the invading divisions should starve, together with forty-eight million people. There is no question as to the result of their deliberations. Therefore it is imperative that the civil and military defence of the British Isles should be co-ordinated and planned in detail so that no airborne invasion would survive beyond its period of extreme weakness, the first twelve hours following landing. The greatest stress must be laid on the necessity for research, particularly in the field of bacteriological warfare. Every possible measure should be put in train for the protection of our factories and centres of population from sustained attack by long-range missiles, and as a corollary may it not be suggested that this is the time to consider emigration of some of the population and factories? The Russians moved their war potential to the Urals under stress of invasion, a monumental task. In the case of the Empire it is suggested that volunteers for a properly co-ordinated scheme would not be lacking.

Never was there more urgent need for foresight and immediate action.

Decisions should be reached at once as to which are the key points in our strategic layout. If they are not tenable in their present state of defence, then they must be made so without delay. Total preparedness can only be achieved at the points which are completely under control of the Empire and the United States. Others only partially under control present a more difficult problem. Singapore, for example, is vital. Never again must there be the slightest question regarding its ability to withstand attack. Hong Kong was untenable in the last war: it remains so, and always will.

The Middle East oilfields fall into the category of areas over which complete control does not exist. In this case all possible measures must be taken, and these should include alternative methods of supply should the area be denied by the enemy.

These, then, are some of the problems,

real and potential. What is the organisation which exists to deal with them?

It is safe to say that never has an alliance been better served by its Directorate than were the United Nations in the latter stages of the war. How far has that intimate co-operation been carried on into peace? Obviously not entirely and, in the opinion of some, not sufficiently.

There are, however, encouraging aspects of the scene. The establishment of the Ministry of Defence, for example, together with the continuation of wartime organisations, such as the Defence Committee, the Chiefs of Staff Committee, and the Military Mission in Washington, to which are added the Joint War Production Staff and Ministerial Production Committee, and the appointment of Sir Henry Tizard as Chairman of the Advisory Council on Scientific Policy, and of the Defence Research Policy Committee. It may be argued that the present responsibilities of the Ministry of Supply provide a weakness, and they should not be overwhelmed, as they are, with problems of housing and the supply of domestic goods. The continuation and setting up of Committees is not all, however; it is important that the men with the right outlook comprise them, and above all, inspired leadership from the top is necessary. Coupled with these measures, close co-ordination with the Dominions is of the utmost importance, and this presents certain problems. Quite naturally and correctly, there can be no form of dictatorship from the centre. This must be replaced by co-operation and discussion, and it is considered that the present liaison officer system does not provide the ideal solution. They are at best messengers. It would be more profitable if men armed with the authority of their Governments to make decisions could be made available to play a part in important discussions.

There is every sign that the Dominions are fully aware of the need for energetic thought and action, and it is encouraging to note that Australia and South Africa are at the moment reconnoitring air routes to the British Isles via the South Polar regions.

There is already coherent co-operation in doctrine and training and, above all, in the standardisation of equipment with the Dominions, and progress is being made in this direction with the United States.

From these matters, a considerable amount of comfort may be derived. But it is when we turn to a more detailed study of the state of our defence forces that misgivings arise. The great weakening of our Naval strength is a matter for grave concern. The Army presents a picture of a huge skeleton. Voluntary recruitment is not satisfactory and will not be until the pay more nearly coincides with that of industry. It is more than time that these matters were attended to before the damage becomes irreparable. For, whatever may be the weapons and methods of the future, in the final analysis the private soldier will occupy territory on his feet as of old, as was the case in the modern example of Japan.

War is abhorrent to all right-thinking people. In the face of certain evidence to the contrary, there is still hope that the United Nations Organisation will succeed in making armed conflict a thing of the past, and it is our first duty to do everything of which this mighty Commonwealth and Empire is capable to further that end.

Meanwhile the security from aggression of this vast Imperial family is of paramount importance. The final words of the White Paper on Defence provide a simple and telling summing up of the position: 'The supreme object of British policy must be to prevent war. The rôle of our Forces must therefore be to deter aggression, while at the same time safeguarding British interests from attack. It is against that fundamental background that the place of defence in the general structure of National policy in time of peace must be determined.'

It is to be hoped that the whole nation may see clearly the path along which its duty runs, remembering the words of the Apostle—'When a strong man armed keepeth his palace, his goods are in peace.'

Austria and Hungary

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

Austria looks West, but Russian stranglehold on the industrial regions, though unpopular, prevents her free choice and her recovery. In Hungary the Communists have avoided excesses and a natural vitality helps her revival

JAMES EASTWOOD

THE Austro-Hungarian partnership was the solid and respectable marriage of convenience which dominated pre-1914 Central Europe. The emergence of the two countries as independent States after the Treaty of Trianon re-stated, but did not solve, the problems of the Danube basin. In that inter-war period, however, strong personal, cultural and traditional ties remained. Today all this is changed. The traveller finds the ex-partners wholly isolated from each other and facing in opposite directions: Austria—West, Hungary—East. A survey of conditions in the two countries is a study in contrasts.

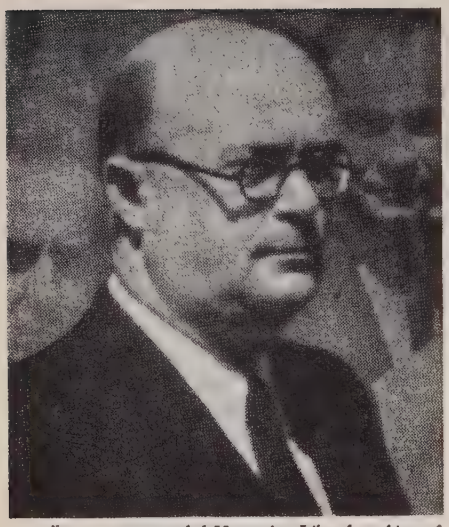
The fact that Austria is under four separate occupying forces while Hungary is under Soviet tutelage alone accounts for some of the marked differences.

In the Tirol, the French carry on their business of occupation with a bored, rather colonial air. All the old gaiety has disappeared and the Tirolese have the crushed look of people on poor relief. Innsbruck, the centre of the zone, is like an unused, dilapidated film-set, the numb centre of a region benumbed. The French themselves are still too deeply involved in the European *malaise* to bring health to the sick.

Almost cheerful, by comparison, is the traveller's first impression of the American zone. The shops have more to sell—though the black market has not disappeared. American supplies are a constant reminder that a world of plenty—and possibly of opportunity—still exists. American wealth has made a deep impression and the application of Marshall aid is likely to have far-reaching political and social, as well as economic, results.

The Americans, too, were wise to restart the Salzburg Festival, in spite of the dearth of tourists. A pronounced feature of the Austrian mood at the moment is a feeling of being shut in and away from the outside world—a kind of claustrophobia which, one feels, threatens the spiritual destruction of the people. The Festival has helped to put Salzburg back on the map.

Britain, too, in her zone, which includes Steiermark and Carinthia, has shown real understanding for the plight of the people. The invitation to the Vienna Opera Company to visit London was as widely appreciated throughout Austria as our gift of machine tools. Since the British zone is contiguous with the Yugoslav frontier, however, the task of the British occupying forces is the most difficult one. British troops and Austrian policemen bear the brunt of the forward policy of the Cominform; incidents are common. The old garrison towns like Graz, Klagenfurt and Villach, still have their garrisons, khaki-clad now, and our zone, like the others, is a strange, dual, artificial world, governed by military forms and procedure. But fundamentally the British troops and the Austrians are well-disposed towards each other. Many Austrians hope that British interest and support will remain after the withdrawal of the occupying forces. At any rate, once the food problem is within sight of solution, they will be glad to welcome us again as tourists.



DEZSÖ SULYOK, *exiled Hungarian Liberal—subject of bitter controversy in Hungary*

Austrian agriculture has never been very productive. During the Dual Monarchy there was always enough farm produce in the rich agricultural areas of Hungary, Galicia, and what later became Czecho-Slovakia. Lean years followed the Treaty of Trianon, for only eight per cent of these fertile lands remained within Austria's frontiers; but some progress was steadily made towards self-sufficiency. The long-term prospects of agriculture are not therefore wholly depressing. Today, however, the urban populations are reduced to almost complete dependence on foreign charity, and, after more than two and a half years of occupation, the Austrian farmer produces first for his own and his family's needs, and second for the black market where prices are from five to a hundred times higher than those officially decreed—the low prices for agricultural products are a legacy of the Anschluss period.

Forestry, a principal source of the country's wealth, is in poor shape. Great gaps in the magnificent forests along the roads of the Salzkammergut testify to the ruthless felling programme of the last eight years; in vain one looks for signs of replanting. The urgent requirements of building and fuel are taking toll of the more accessible forests, including even the lovely Wienerwald. Timber, too, has first-rate importance in Austria's export drive. It is a story often repeated in the history of forestry: the conflict between immediate needs and long-term conservation. Some easing of the situation might come from a greater concentration on finished products like paper and furniture. A barter agreement by which paper is exchanged for coal has already been concluded with Poland and promises some success. But much remains to be done in modernising the wood-product industries.

Keep Moving!

In spite of all these things the countryside is even now relatively prosperous compared with Vienna and the larger towns. Though iron and steel are showing signs of recovery, industry is still shakily convalescent. But it is in the Russian zone that much of the industry of the country is located and the foreign observer has little opportunity of investigating conditions there. The general rule is 'keep moving' and 'stay on the prescribed route.' One thing, however, is clear. Soviet reparation demands threaten to undermine the entire Austrian economy, and this, together with protracted occupation, may well strike at the roots of the political independence which has been promised.

Only in the centre of Vienna do the four Powers come together; but quadripartite activity is not impressive. Even the international military police patrol has not been able to prevent abductions in the streets. A political refugee from Eastern Europe wanders in Vienna at night at his peril.

The *Kaiserstadt*, battered and shabby, is the ghost of a city. Reconstruction proceeds at a snail's pace, and whatever metropolitan atmosphere remains is almost entirely due to the presence of the occupation forces whose information and welfare centres, flags and vehicles give the streets some animation. The passionate desire to escape from the drabness of the life around them is perhaps reflected in the eagerness with which the Viennese patronise the

British and American reading-rooms in the centre of the city. Even the coffee-houses, that most irrepressible of Viennese institutions, have suffered from the competition.

Ask almost any citizen why more work isn't being done and he'll give you any number of reasons—the miserable diet, lack of materials, the frustration and indignity of quadripartite occupation, the need for currency reform, and so on. But the foreign observer cannot but notice aspects of the situation less obvious perhaps to the Austrians themselves. First, their easy-going, even lazy, disposition; they seem to be awaiting an act of God, or perhaps Marshall or even Stalin, to pull them out of their difficulties. The second is their deep-seated and gnawing uncertainty about their real position in the world. A nostalgic play about the Habsburg period is sure to attract big audiences. The present bewilders them. Their instincts, of course, incline them towards the West—there are only four Communist deputies—and the attitude of the Government, Christian and progressive, reflects this. Yet the colossus of the East patently denies them free choice. As Russia increases her economic stranglehold on the industrial eastern regions, the Russian zone may well become the most south-westerly outpost of Communism and then inevitably Vienna would lose her status as a truly European city. At the present moment it seems that Russia wants to preserve Austria as a horrid example of the futility of quadripartite activity, with Vienna herself as an object-lesson to her troops of Western culture in decay.

On the road from Vienna to Budapest the traveller soon feels the quickening pulse of life. Peasant carts, laden with produce, lumber along to market before the break of day. The Hungarian earth is good and the mass of the people still have their roots in it. Even in Budapest itself one's first impression is that nothing has changed since pre-war days. In contrast to Vienna's silent, dark streets, the neon lights glow and the gipsy bands play in the cafés.

But that first impression is wrong. According to the Left-Wingers and the Communists, the political system has changed immeasurably for the better. Though Dinnyes, the Premier, is a small-holder and a moderate, the present set-up, strengthened since last summer's election, is a Communist-dominated coalition of Left-Wing parties. Opposition leaders, from Pfeiffer on the extreme Right, to Sulyok, a Liberal, and Peyer, a Social-Democrat, have chosen, or been driven into, exile. Political life is made unwholesome, too, by personal vituperation. Outwardly there is acceptance of parliamentary forms, but 'arrangements' behind the scenes are common enough. It is said that Father Balogh's middle-class Farmers' Party is more than tolerated as a 'tame' opposition. There is, however, plenty of real opposition to the present régime, though it may not at present be very noticeable in action. The success of Barankcovics's Catholic Opposition Party at the election (sixteen per cent as against the Communists' artificial twenty-two per cent) came as a surprise to everyone. It may well play a significant, though hazardous, rôle in the future.

The real boss of the country, however, is still Rakosi, chief of the Communist Party, and of course Russia pulls the strings. The Party is extremely efficient;

International Police Patrol in Vienna—one of the few examples of effective quadripartite action
(American I.S.B. Staff photo)

The Hungarian village, still the most essential component of national life. Since the land reforms 600,000 new farmers have been created

its spearhead received intensive instruction in the technique of minority government in the Soviet Union and returned to Hungary with the Red Army in 1945. That Army is still there, ostensibly maintaining lines of communication with the Soviet forces in Austria. Rakosi and his friends have no immediate reason to feel insecure.

Hungarian Recovery

Unpopular though the Communists are, many Hungarian people are generally ready to admit that nearly everything that has been achieved since the end of the war stands to the credit of the Party. And much has been achieved. Pest, the main commercial section of the twin-city, bears few visible scars—though the destruction was comparable with that in Vienna. Industry has staged an impressive come-back; land reform has at last been adopted; the will to work is everywhere in evidence. There is, however, little or nothing genuinely Communist in this success, except perhaps the energy and drive. They have deliberately surrounded themselves with a skilfully devised propaganda of success—the Party that gets things done. But it is doubtful if they would have got quite so many things done if they had not benefited from the sudden upsurge of emotion with which Hungarians received the Russians as saviours of their country from Nazi and Horthy tyranny. Then everyone—mayor and citizen, white-collar worker and labourer—got down to the job of clearing up and getting the machinery of urban life going again. True, enthusiasm for the Russians speedily evaporated—the behaviour of the occupying troops made that inevitable—but the habit of work remained and this has generated a new and stimulating faith in the future of the country. By avoiding till now specifically Communistic measures, the Hungarian Communists have skilfully directed this new energy.

The result is that, to the foreigner, Hungary looks like a country that wisely chose the losing side in the war. Luxury shops are crammed with excellent quality goods. Food seems abundant. The new privileged class, the Party members and their fellow-travellers, follow the old pattern of amusements. In their sleek American cars they go to the baths and dine at the most expensive restaurants. But outside on the pavements beggars abound. Prices generally are high, and though a rudimentary rationing system has recently been introduced, a new suit, for example, is so costly that second-hand ones, no

matter how shabby, are much in demand. Inevitably, it is the fixed-income middle classes and the unskilled labourers who are the worst off. Craftsmen's wages, however, have increased—a tendency fostered by the Government, eager for popular support—with the result that they are reasonably well fed.

Hungarian Land Reforms

The small but highly articulate Hungarian intelligentsia give an air of great vitality to Budapest literary and artistic circles. Political satire has not been banished from the cabarets and theatres. Opera and music are flourishing. The press is free, though its standards are not particularly lofty. Books, however, are censored. Those which express the Western idea, whether Hungarian or foreign, are almost certain to be prohibited. Yet there is much interest among the educated classes in current developments, both cultural and political, in England, France and Italy. Even some Communists display a passion for Western culture so strong that one wonders just how they came to join the Party at all. Some months ago the Director of a certain theatre became a Communist, and the majority of the company became 'converted' almost overnight. In Hungary, to be sure of your job, you have to be *persona grata* to the 'Left' people.

Bizarre and oddly stimulating though life in Budapest is, the great mass of the people are concerned with country things; their problems are mainly agrarian. Agriculture has not yet settled down after the revolutionary changes which followed upon the war. The big estates were broken up so that Hungary now has 600,000 new farmers. Each man has three Hungarian acres, which are rather larger than ours. He works the land himself. Except for wheat and flour, which he must sell to the state, his products go to the open market.

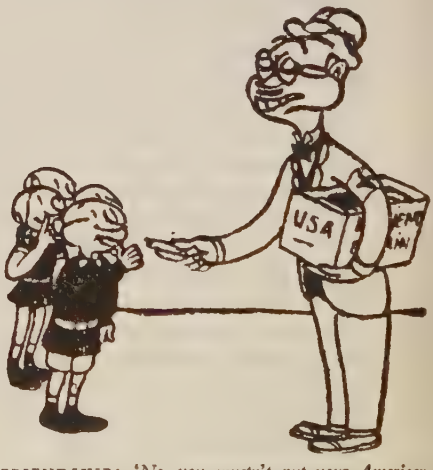
Relations between ex-employers and new smallholders are less strained than one would imagine—the better landowners took a paternal interest in their men and families. But landowners cannot always refrain from feeling cynically amused when they watch the new farmers' efforts; for the mass of the peasants still know little of farming as a business or a science. The main problem of Hungarian agriculture today, therefore, is one of education. The Government has taken the initiative. Last winter 2,000 courses were started; but they were not well-attended. The peasants were suspicious of the innovation and were prepared to believe only what they could see. Experimental stations have therefore been started to show what the new farming really means. The land is so rich, however, that failure is hardly possible. It is calculated that in five years agricultural products will have reached the export maximum; granted unimpeded trade, Europe could greatly benefit. Generally speaking, then, Hungary's economic future seems hopeful.

Socially and politically, however, the outlook is quite uncertain. Hungarian politicians of most Parties will tell you that it is necessary to bow to the inevitable and accept the special 'position' that Russia has in Hungarian affairs. Sulyok, a brave man, refused to do this. Exile followed. To pacify the Russian colossus without submitting to it would require statesmanship, not to say political acrobatics, of a high order. It is unlikely that statesmanship will be forthcoming. Nevertheless, the observer must conclude that, to remain true to the best in her long Christian tradition, Hungary should allow herself to be wholly merged in neither of the two conflicting worlds. The geographical position and linguistic isolation of this country have peculiarly fitted her for a valuable rôle as a sort of international half-way house. Current trends, however, indicate that Russia has no intention of recognising Hungary as a border-line case.

The Soviet attitude towards Austria is far more equivocal. Nevertheless, Hungary and Austria have at least this in common: their future would be equally prejudiced by a permanent and mutually exclusive international agreement to differ. For they are both central *European* States.

ARRIVAL OF THE PALESTINE COMMISSION: *'If the gentlemen have any arms, they must surrender them'*
BERGENS TIDENDE, Norway

Der Fodderland
ROCHESTER DEMOCRAT AND CHRONICLE



FRIENDSHIP: *'No, you mustn't put your American chewing gum in your left cheek. That's the cheek nearest your heart'*
CARREFOUR

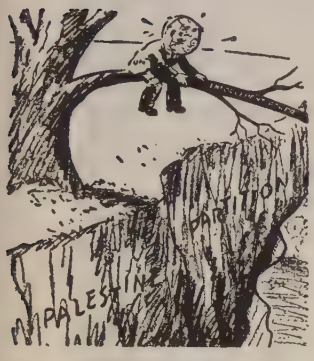
WORLD SAID!

'What can we sing them now?'

LA FRANCE

'See, we've got our economy under control'

MINNEAPOLIS STAR



Hoping it will hold

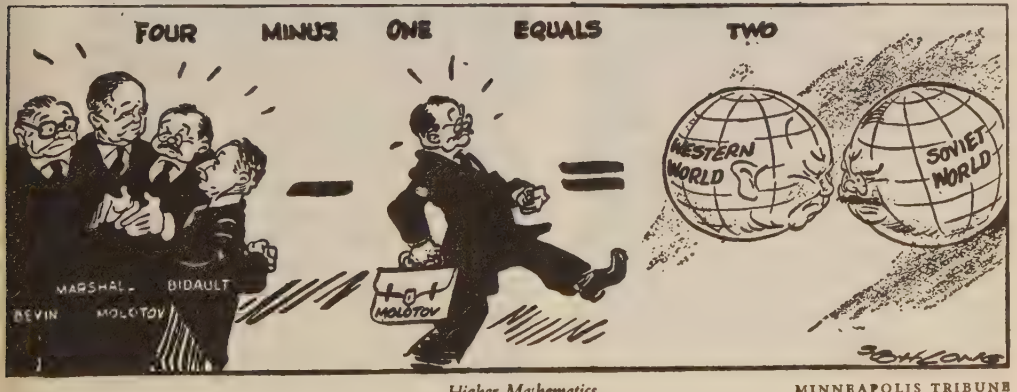
CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR

By his own Boot Straps

NEW YORK HERALD TRIBUNE

Big Job—Late Start

BROOKLYN EAGLE



Higher Mathematics

MINNEAPOLIS TRIBUNE

35

Search for a Philosophy

A philosophy that is to affect a man's life demands the surrender of many comforting illusions. Has the West lost that traditional knowledge of fundamental philosophical truth common to all great religions?

KENNETH WALKER

World Review is to be thanked for providing a rostrum from which the non-professional philosopher who feels the need of some plan for living can speak. The qualification 'non-professional' is a necessary one, for, as Mr. Holloway pointed out in a previous article, the professional philosopher is, as a rule, so occupied with such technicalities as inquiring into the nature of knowledge and in the difficult problems entailed in any consideration of space and time, that he has no leisure for formulating what Mr. Holloway calls 'a speculative view of life'. It is indeed to be doubted whether the expert philosopher would regard the supplying of a design for living as coming within the scope of his professional work. If he were asked for such a design, he might well reply that although, traditionally, ethics formed a part of philosophy, he did not look upon a philosopher as being necessarily an expert in the art of living.

This indifference of the professional philosopher to the practical problems of life need cause no surprise when we remember that he has deliberately restricted the field in which he works. Despite the derivation of the word philosopher, the Westerner who studies philosophy is not so much a lover of wisdom as a trained and disciplined thinker. Now, as both my predecessors have pointed out, human values and human conduct are not the product of the intellect alone but are the fruit of all our psychic experiences. Professional philosophers erect their great systems of thought on far too narrow a basis to be able to help us to acquire right values. Their dialectical products bear a strong resemblance to those wonderful castles which, as children, we sometimes built out of playing-cards. The slightest error in the placing of a card on the lowermost storey was repeated in an ever-increasing degree in each subsequent storey as we added it, until in the end our flimsy tower became so unstable that it collapsed. So also are the extremely clever—and I would be the last to depreciate their ingenuity—products of the professional philosopher's intellect likely to collapse. If the superstructure of a philosophy is erected on foundations in which there happens to be a trifling defect (some imprecision, for example, in defining a term), an ever-increasing factor of error is introduced at each subsequent stage in the argument, so that, in the end, utterly fallacious conclusions are reached. It would be absurd, therefore, for us to base our actions on the systems of thought elaborated by the professional philosophers, for, as men, they neither are, nor claim to be, any wiser than their fellows. They are great scholars and disciplined thinkers and that is all. As a medical man I have been given the opportunity sometimes of observing the effect that a man's philosophy has on his conduct, and I would say that a professional philosopher is no better and no worse than the rest of us in finding an adjustment to the practical difficulties of life. His ideas live only in his head and not in his heart.

In discussing philosophy and philosophers, I have had in mind only Western philosophies and Western philosophers. In the East, philosophy has remained more closely allied to religion than in the West. There, a man dedicates himself to the search for true knowledge as a monk dedicates himself to the search for God. The vessel must be prepared for the reception of truth, and the mirror in which it is

to be reflected must be carefully polished. Such metaphors are common in Oriental philosophical literature, in which it is also laid down that true knowledge will be distorted unless the agent by which it is being transmitted has been specially prepared for this work. To know truth a man must, to the best of his ability, live truth, and in the East a philosopher orders his life in accordance with certain accepted principles. The instrument of cognition, the mind, also undergoes a special training as laid down in the ancient science of Yoga. In the Oriental philosopher, therefore, theory and practice are much more closely interlinked than they are in the Western philosopher. I remember spending an evening with three philosophers, two Europeans and the third a Hindu. All were brilliant exponents of their respective philosophies, but whilst the Europeans spoke from a very small part of themselves, the Hindu seemed to be speaking from the whole of his being. His words carried more weight, for in him thought, emotion and action were more closely integrated, as they are in such truly religious men as Albert Schweitzer. There could be no doubt which of the three was the more developed type of man.

Intellect and Intuition

It is quite understandable why such implicit reliance is placed in the West on the intellect, for Western civilisation now rests on foundations of science and it is by the activity of this particular part of the mind that the scientists have achieved all their triumphs. Religions decay, governments fall, economic systems break down but Western man still can, and still does, find comfort in the immense victories which he has won over the physical world. In the midst of chaos he can point to his jet aeroplanes, his radar and television installations and to his atomic bomb, all monuments to the brilliant working of his intellect. And so far as our investigations and manipulation of matter are concerned, there can be no doubt that the human intellect is an entirely satisfactory instrument. It may be pictured as an efficient kind of lens which focuses our attention on some small portion of our environment so that we may take stock of it and make those adjustments which we feel to be appropriate. It is, above all, man's great tool-maker and it is by his skill in devising tools that man has achieved what he has erroneously called his victories over nature. But in the realm of abstract ideas and of philosophy his intellect is liable to fail him. Here, according to Bergson, it is another faculty for which we have in the West no name, but which is generally termed intuition, that must come into action.

Now it is a strange inconsistency that, although Western man has paid great attention to the improvement of the various instruments he employs in his researches, he has given very little thought to the possibility of improving the most important instrument in his possession, the instrument of cognition. This is probably because, compared with the Easterner, the Westerner knows very little about the mind. Jung, the greatest European psychologist, frankly admits this. He writes: 'We Westerners, in spite of our so-called culture, are still barbarians and children when it comes to the psychic world.' And the mind—I use the word in its broadest sense—is much more extensive than most Europeans believe it to be. Not only does it extend downwards into the region of the subconscious and of the instinctive drives, but, at any rate, potentially, it extends upwards into the realm of the superconscious. During the last fifty years, Western psychologists have been almost entirely engrossed in the study of the subconscious and they have paid no attention at all to the upper reaches of the mind. This is because most of the recent psychological work has been done by such medical experts as Freud, and what has been studied has been psychopathology rather than true psychology. In the evolution of neuroses and psychoses the subconscious areas are, of course, of paramount importance. It is, therefore, to writers other than the professional psychologists

that we must turn for information on the subject of the superconscious mind. It was to this part of the mind that Kant probably referred when he wrote of the transcendental self. Man's empirical self, the phenomenal self, is a chaos of conflicting desires and emotions but, according to Kant, when we act in accordance with the laws of our moral being, we can escape from this confusion into the noumenal, or transcendental, self. Unfortunately one does not escape from this confusion as easily as Kant suggests. References to the 'higher self' are also to be found in hagiology. But the amount of attention paid to it in the West is so trifling in comparison with the East that it is to Eastern works that we must turn for knowledge on this important subject.

Mr. Olaf Stapledon touched the fringe of the subject when, in his article in *World Review* of February, he referred to the effect of changes of consciousness on the working of the mind. After discussing the difficulty of arriving at any conception of the nature of reality, he wrote: 'But this is not the last word in the matter. We have within our ordinary experience enough to transform us from mean little self-seekers to self-transcending servants of the only divine thing we can ever conceive . . . . When we are really "awake", most clearly conscious, and not bemused by some trivial little irrelevant obsession, such as a craving for security or power or a gay time, we simply cannot but see and worship this thing, and strive to embody it in our lives. Unfortunately we have no satisfactory name for it. . . . It is "simply the Way", or in Eastern language, "Tao". This is the great certainty.' In his book, *Saints and Revolutionaries*, he also writes of this 'something' which has been for him a compass-needle in his life. 'It is a state of awareness which may happen unexpectedly or as the result of persistently trying to get the feel of being a self in relation to other selves and the rest of the universe.' And when in this particular state of mind Mr. Olaf Stapledon believes, and rightly believes, that he can understand things which at other times are hidden from him. In other words, he has discovered the meaning of such Eastern metaphors as 'preparing the vessel for the reception of truth' or 'stilling the ripples so that truth may be seen reflected on the quiet surface of the pool.' But if Mr. Stapledon is acquainted, as I am sure he is, with Eastern literature, he will also realise how much work has to be done if the states of mind of which he writes are to be anything but fortuitous occurrences. There is much that is relevant to this subject in Patanjila's Aphorisms, in which this sage refers to the necessity for restricting the fluctuations of

Kenneth Walker is a consulting surgeon in London, but he is also a man of very wide interests. He has visited India, hunted big game in Africa and practised medicine in the Argentine. His experiences are described in his recently-published Experiment in Autobiography, under the title *I Talk of Dreams*. Apart from a considerable number of technical books, he has published several books for the layman, notably *The Physiology of Sex, Meaning and Purpose* and *Diagnosis of Man*. The latter two reveal his deep interest in philosophy and comparative religion. They are noteworthy attempts to reconcile the various branches of human knowledge—science, philosophy, religion and psychology—and to evolve a picture of man's true nature and place in the universe. As such, he has made a great contribution to the ordinary man's understanding of hitherto abstruse and difficult subjects.

the 'mind-stuff.' When, according to Patanjali, control is lacking, 'the self identifies itself with the intermittent flux of the mind, so that instead of having a spiritual insight into the true nature of existence, there is only mental obscurantism and ignorance.' But long and arduous work is necessary if what Patanjali calls 'the intermittent flux of the mind' is to be brought under control. Some indication of how strenuous is this struggle will be gained from such a book as Evans-Wentz's life of the Tibetan Yogi, Milarepa. It would be ridiculous, therefore, to imagine that the so-called Yoga practices, which were at one time fashionable toys for British and American intellectuals, could have any lasting effect on the mind.

Wisdom from the East

What has to be brought under control, if the mind is to become an efficient instrument for philosophical truths, is not so easily subdued. I once talked with a very old man who had spent his whole life travelling about Europe in the pursuit of wisdom and in the hope of finding a teacher. On his deathbed the only message epitomising his experiences he could summon up enough strength to give me was contained in the words, 'the lifelong struggle with the ego'. Perhaps it was a struggle of this nature that Jung—and he alone of all European psychologists has paid any attention to Eastern teaching—had in mind when, in 'Essays on Contemporary Events', he wrote, '. . . the only struggle which is worth while is the fight against the overwhelming power-drive of our shadow.'

In a *Times* leader of 15 August, commenting on the independence of India, there appeared these words; 'So these adventurers (the British), from their gusty island, constructed a bridge between East and West. Once before in history, another people, the Romans, constructed such a bridge, and across it, in the fulness of time, came Christianity. Over the British bridges the traffic in ideas has all been from West to East. Now; if the bridge but hold, there is opportunity for a reverse movement and the new India, quickened by acquired political sanity and a zeal for human welfare, can give to the West, storm-tossed by circumstance, something of her tranquil wisdom and her sedulous pursuit of the eternal verities.' I would like to think that there was some hint of prophecy in these words, for Europe is in urgent need of spiritual renewal. René Guénon is of the opinion that the chief cause of her political and moral chaos is that she has lost the traditional knowledge she once possessed, and by 'traditional knowledge' he implies those philosophical truths which are common to all the great world religions. Sometimes this fundamental knowledge is called the Perennial Philosophy, a philosophy which finds different expression in the inspired works of many different countries, such as in the Vedanta, the Tâo-te-King, the Scriptures of the Mahayana Buddhists and the poems of the Sufi mystics. Its influence can also be traced in the writings of Plotinus and of the Areopagite, and possibly in the Gospel of St. John. The fact that so many individuals are at the present moment seeking for some philosophy by which to live might possibly be taken as a sign of a disposition to return to the old, discarded values. I do not think that this is the case. A philosophy that is to have any real effect on a man's life demands of him payment in the form of giving up many comforting illusions and of sacrificing worldly ambition to a loftier aim, and it is obvious that those who are now looking for a design for living are searching for something which is far less disturbing to the general tenor of their lives than this. It is unlikely, therefore, that anything of the nature of the Perennial Philosophy will appeal to them. We will have to travel further along the road we have long been travelling before there is much chance of our realising the danger ahead. It is not the disturbing design for living advocated by Aldous Huxley that the world is at present seeking, but the comforting doctrine of scientific humanism advocated by his brother.

A CASE FOR THE INDEPENDENT PRODUCER

Sir Michael Balcon

PATRICK GIBBS

COMMERCIALLY the cinema is a maze. Film critics, concerned only with results, like to regard it as an art. Financiers, picking their way through the prickly paths of subsidiary companies and controlling interests, treat it as a business. Somewhere between these two views lies the ambivalent attitude of most producing companies, but it remains conveniently obscured by the intricacies of production, distribution and exhibition.

Just how obscure the workings of the film industry are, was revealed recently when the House of Commons debated the profits tax on American films. A score of M.P.s had something to say, but seldom can they have approached a subject in more general terms. Few speakers, it seemed, were filmgoers; few seemed to comprehend the involved finances of film making. So it was hardly surprising that the House should have agreed eventually to pin its faith on the advice of expert committees.

The debate arose out of the introduction of a new Quota Bill whereby a certain number of British films are guaranteed exhibition in British cinemas. That such a Bill should be introduced at all indicated that competition from American films is expected, though no grounds for that expectation were given. However, it was made clear that the seventy-five per cent profits tax on imported films will remain, though the door was left open for Hollywood to negotiate—not a removal of the tax but a remission. The Americans are being slow to swallow this bitter pill; but nothing has occurred to shake the confidence expressed in my January article that their embargo on films for this country will be lifted. The numbers sent certainly will be smaller, but they will be the best available. The result of the tax may well be to alter filmgoing habits. The two-feature programme may be a thing of the past, as may also be the mid-week change of programme. But there will be more British films—eventually. Altogether the balance should be on the credit side, not only financially but also artistically.

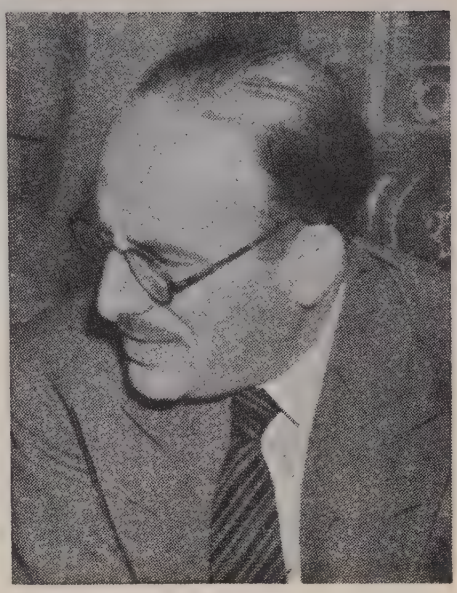
My only misgiving is for the independent producer whose problems were mentioned once more in the debate. Monopolistic tendencies may make it difficult for the independent producer to make a film, and will often make it difficult for him to get his film shown when it is made. Between the major producing companies and the major cinema circuits there are firm links. Mr. Rank is both a producer and a presenter of films—that is to say, he has financial control of studios and cinemas. Sir Alexander Korda also controls a circuit of cinemas in which his films are shown. And, strangely, some American companies have sufficient financial control of British circuits to ensure the exhibition of their films. Whether films made by the circuit-controlling producer are good or bad, they are certain of a showing; whereas the independent producer is dependent on the goodwill of a circuit if his film is to be seen.

As a critic, I regard the cinema as an art; as a student of the arts, I am convinced that only with independence can an artist achieve the highest results. Whatever financial arrangement may bring them together, the script-writer, designer, director, cameraman and actors are artists, and the producer who co-ordinates their work the most important artist of all. Experience has shown that the producer who is independent of patronage from the controllers of circuits makes the better film. It is The Archers, Individual, Cineguild—independent producers within the Rank Organisation—The Boultings and similar small companies that have contributed most to our film renaissance. No one perhaps has contributed more notably than Michael Balcon, whose work was recognised by a knighthood in the New Year's Honours List.

The honour was timely. Michael Balcon has just completed twenty-five years of film production; at Ealing Studios, at which Sir Michael is the producer, he has in the last few years produced a series of films of unusual merit. 'San Demetrio, London', that epic story of a merchant ship in wartime convoy; 'The Captive Heart', which told with tenderness of the lives of prisoners-of-war; 'Dead of Night', a repertory of supernatural stories in which Michael Redgrave was brilliant as a ventriloquist in awe of his dummy; Priestley's ideological essay, 'They Came to a City' —these were typical Michael Balcon productions during the latter years of the war.

Films of Quality

The post-war years have given us that superb drama of Australian cattle-driving, 'The Overlanders', the original 'Hue and Cry' with its spirited gang of boys and whimsical performance from Alastair Sim, an adaptation of Sheila Kaye Smith's 'Joanna Godden', memorable for its background of Romney Marsh, 'Frieda', an intensely dramatic document of Anglo-German relations, a creditable attempt at Dickens with Nicholas Nickleby and, lastly,



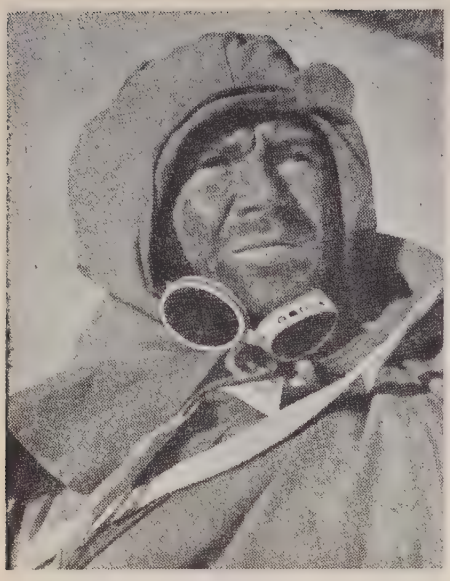
SIR MICHAEL BALCON, *producer of many films of merit at Ealing Studios*

a film given both critical and popular praise, 'It always Rains on Sunday'.

Isolated films of quality are rare enough: a series such as this from a single source is exceptional. It was, therefore, with some curiosity that I visited Ealing recently to talk with members of the staff and watch a scene from the current production being enacted.

Of this production much assuredly will be written. It is 'Scott of the Antarctic', an account of the great explorer's final and fatal journey to discover the South Pole. This film will not be a documentary nor yet a biography, but a straightforward account of the expedition in which the heroes are portrayed as humans and the drama is depicted in authentic colours. The subject is unusually attractive—and equally full of pitfalls. The life of a national hero, many of whose companions are still living, must be treated with even more respect than a venerated classic of literature.

Of his responsibilities Michael Balcon is well aware. 'The story is public property,' he said to me, 'the subject is important; our film must be at least satisfactory.'



JOHN MILLS *as Captain Scott in the new Ealing film, 'Scott of the Antarctic'*

Certainly no effort is being spared to make it so. The film has been in production since 1945, when a cameraman was sent to the Antarctic to shoot backgrounds. Then last year units were on location in Norway and in Switzerland where a glacier under the Jungfrau was made the scene of some of the expedition's most famous incidents. Shooting in the Studios has been in progress since the beginning of this year; it is scheduled to be completed by the end of March.

'Scott' is certainly an ambitious project, but Michael Balcon has handled public heroes before, notably 'Rhodes of Africa', and failure with Scott is unthinkable. The explorer's widow gave every help to the project before her death; the vast literature on the subject has been consulted; and several of the expedition's surviving members have been acting as technical advisers. Debenham, the geologist, and Hooper, the engineer, were present on the day of my visit.

From John Mills, who plays Scott, a fine, strong performance can be expected. Mills' facial resemblance to the original may not be marked, but there is a likeness in physique, and he should be able to convey much of the explorer's character. Derek Bond, seen in other Balcon films, is Captain Oates. James Justice is Petty Officer Evans. The parts of Wilson and Bowes have been given to actors better known on stage than screen—Harold Warrender and Reginald Beckwith. Women naturally do not loom large, but Scott's wife is played by Diana Churchill and Mrs. Wilson by Ann Firth. The director is Charles Frend. He made the aforementioned 'San Demetrio' and 'Joanna Godden', films that gave him a reputation for the handling of open-air subjects. When I watched him at work in the Studio, the scene was laid in a North Country hotel with Scott delivering one of the lectures by which he raised funds for the expedition. The explorer is depicted by Mills as a nervous public speaker, disliking his task but performing it with determination—and a trace of charm. A morning's work was sufficient to put this significant little scene 'in the bag'.

While on the floor, Sydney Cole, the associate producer, told me something of the difficulties of shooting in colour on location—for the film is being made in technicolor. Films from the monoblock camera used for location work had to be sent to America to be processed, and some of the work done in Norway has yet to be seen. In the course of conversation Cole remarked that 'like all Ealing productions this was to be a "group" film.' The phrase aroused my curiosity, and he explained that it was the opposite to a 'starring vehicle'. Ealing like to portray a collection of people rather than a single personality, and 'Scott of the Antarctic' will be no exception. Scott's companions, particularly Wilson, are well in the picture.

Intimate Atmosphere

In comparison with the studios of other companies producing quality films, Ealing is minute. But it is convenient to London, and its small size gives a delightful intimacy. There are only four stages, one of which is used for model shots, and an area used for open-air scenes known as 'the lot'. On

JOAN GREENWOOD *as Sophie-Dorothea in the film 'Saraband for Dead Lovers', recently completed at Ealing*

my visit, Scott's vessel, the Terra Nova, was being dismantled on one stage, shooting having finished on those sequences. On the lot was erected a picturesque seventeenth-century building used in the production of 'Saraband for Dead Lovers', which had just been completed and was in process of being edited.

Of this film, shortly to be seen in London, Ealing seemed particularly proud, for it is their first in colour. Adapted from the much-praised novel by Helen Simpson, it tells the romantic story of Sophie-Dorothea, whose husband became George of England but whose throne she never shared. The background is chiefly the corrupt Hanoverian Court at the turn of the seventeenth century. The ending is tragic, with Sophie imprisoned and her lover, the Danish adventurer, Count Königsmark, murdered. Some stills which I saw with scenery and costumes by Michael Relph predisposed me in favour of this film; the cast also promises well, with that moving young actress, Joan Greenwood, as the heroine, Stewart Grainger as her lover, Flora Robson and Frederick Valk in leading parts. And I do congratulate Ealing Studios on their choice of subject for an excursion into history. Too often are chosen the stock characters of romance—Byron and the Regent, Paganini or Chopin—each of whom we know too well. The little-known Hanoverians will be a welcome change. Scenes were shot in Prague and at our own Blenheim. Then the company moved into the studios where shooting was completed in the scheduled fifteen weeks—a good effort indeed for a first essay in colour.

The small number of stages at Ealing does not allow more than one production to be in the studios at a time, but an overlap is achieved by shooting the location sequences of one production while another occupies the studio stages. In this way an output was obtained of four films a year. Now Michael Balcon tells me that he hopes to increase output to six films annually—but not at the sacrifice of quality. The increase will be achieved by choosing subjects suitable for exterior filming. To turn these craftsmanlike little studios into a factory by introducing mass-production methods is not Michael Balcon's intention. His attitude I admire greatly; indeed, I can recall no discussion with a producer so encouraging as that with Sir Michael

Balcon in his unpretentious office at Ealing.

Here, I felt, is a man who treats the film primarily as an art. In every opinion he voiced, this attitude was implicit. Of the import duty and resulting embargo on American films, Sir Michael said, 'It will, I think, be a pity if Hollywood withholds her films from this country, and in the long run detrimental to British film-making. We shall be isolated from a stimulating influence, and the source for a valuable exchange of ideas will be lost. Already I am reading of American films which I feel I ought to see.' Instead of the tax he would like to see an equitable reciprocal trading agreement with America by which our films have the chance to earn dollars. On the expansion of our own film industry his comment was: 'Not only buildings and technicians are needed, but also creative ideas.' These, alas, are not to be found overnight. Creators are artists; their talents can be brought out but they cannot be regimented, and while technicians with studios at their disposal can make films, those films may be stillborn for want of the creative touch.

Comedy for the Future

At Ealing Michael Balcon has assembled a versatile and talented team of directors and associate producers: Charles Frend, already mentioned as the director of 'Scott'; Basil Dearden who made 'The Captive Heart' and 'Frieda'; Robert Hamer responsible for 'It Always Rains'; Harry Watt who achieved fame with 'Target for Tonight' and made 'The Overlanders' for Ealing; and Charles Crichton, director of 'Hue and Cry'. For selection of director as much as for subject, Michael Balcon, producer of these films, must be given all credit.

Apart from an evident avoidance of the starring vehicle, Ealing Studios do not favour any particular type of story. Ideas come from the staff, are discussed at conferences and adopted on their merits. In casting Ealing is inclined to look to the London stage—Sir Michael is a regular 'first nighter'. Few stars are under contract to the Studio but many like to work there, feeling, often with reason, that they are seen to advantage in Balcon productions. I can well imagine that both actors and technicians might find working at Ealing pleasant. The atmosphere seemed to me informal, enthusiastic yet efficient.

Such, then, was my impression of Ealing—a good impression. Not every Ealing film, I am aware, has been a success; only one sequence—that already mentioned—in 'Dead of Night', directed by Cavalcanti, can be described as a masterpiece. Nicholas Nickleby, for instance, suffered in comparison with Cineguild's 'Great Expectations'; 'Painted Boats' was a rather slender story of canal life; and 'Pink String and Sealing Wax' completely missed the domestic charm of Roland Pertwee's comedy. Still, the extraordinary fact remains that the last film from each of the five directors has been a success.

The future, then, is bright—but, as I write, still somewhat nebulous. Several productions are planned, but not yet in detail. Of these, three are to be comedies. Charles Crichton will direct 'Another Shore', from a novel by Kenneth Reddin, whose central character is an Irish youth, wild and whimsical. A period comedy called 'Kind Hearts and Coronets' is to be directed by Robert Hamer, and T. E. B. Clarke, who wrote 'Hue and Cry', is at work on another fantasy of London life to be called 'Passport to Pimlico'. Meanwhile Henry Watt is once more in Australia at work on another open-air picture called 'Eureka Stockade'.

Such are Ealing's plans for 1948. Michael Balcon thinks this is a time for comedy and has chosen his subjects accordingly. There is certainly a demand in this direction, and also a difficulty. Screen comedy is notoriously difficult to write, to direct and to act. The project, therefore, although unpretentious, is ambitious. Whether Ealing directors succeed here remains to be seen. In the meantime I await with impatience the autumn when 'Scott of the Antarctic' will be shown. Will Michael Balcon, who has made in his time many fine films, have made from this subject a great one?

What is wrong with the CIVIL SERVICE?

The Civil Service continues to grow in numbers and power. What reforms can be instituted which will enable it to become an efficient administrator rather than a bureaucratic burden?

DAVID GUNSTON

THE Civil Service is a stock subject for controversy and disparagement, but as one who chose the Civil Service as a career, I cannot help feeling that the inside view is needed to balance the over-weighted and often misinformed general criticism, as well as to throw some light on certain other matters which escape the notice of the public. As I have quite recently given up a permanent post in the Civil Service for what I think is the more satisfying, if exacting, one of letters, to follow, albeit humbly, in the distinguished footsteps of Anthony Trollope, W. W. Jacobs, Richard Church and C. E. M. Joad, it is perhaps most apt that I should endeavour to crystallise in print my thoughts on leaving, to outline some of the major defects of the Civil Service as I found them, and to offer some suggestions for their improvement.

I do not seek to whitewash the Service, but it is important to get a proper idea of the present set-up, for this is responsible for much of the adverse opinion of this vast organisation which seems to interfere more and more with private life. The accusation every time is 'red tape', but to those inside, the initial exasperation at hearing this parrot-cry has worn off into mild amusement. So often the accusers know nothing of the system within the Service, the crippling procedure against which the ordinary Civil Servant is powerless. This eternal grumble about red tape is something of a joke to the Civil Servant—one of the big Service unions calls its journal *Red Tape* in defiance of it—but it is rather a bitter joke. The system is so often the end instead of the means.

At present it is unfair to compare a Government Department with a commercial concern. Their approaches are poles apart, the attitude towards money in the Service is far more abstract, and while a department may quite conscientiously try to economise on the taxpayers' money, its efforts are rendered farcical by the constant leakage and waste going on all around.

The most important thing to remember is that the Civil Service is under a large measure of Parliamentary control. Few business concerns would be so happy if their heads were constantly answerable to a permanent body of 640 shareholders sitting daily for most of the year, in intimate contact with the worries and complaints of the whole public, and with power to question them minutely. But such is the relation of Parliament to the Service, and so the detailed records have to be kept and duplicated, decisions watched carefully and precedent studied. Whether or not this is a good thing is another matter, but it is the present system and, as such, is obviously responsible for much of the wasted effort and delay we all deplore.

The efficiency of the Service is based entirely upon its underlying system, and until that is brought into true relation with modern needs and generally revised, many of the faults of the organisation will remain. But not all. Some of the defects can be remedied *right away*. Civil Service conditions, for long imagined to be more or less Utopian by well-meaning parents, are very ordinary indeed and require considerable investigation. After all, the Civil Service is a human entity and its staff should be recruited from the right sort of people.

To start right at the beginning, even before the aspiring Civil Servant takes a competitive examination, the decision to adopt this career should be the subject of much thought and investigation. Before the war, the Civil Service, chiefly in its Executive and Clerical Grades, attracted large numbers of young people from secondary and grammar schools who were *quite unsuited* to the job they felt was 'so ideal'. It was safe and well-paid—and that was all that mattered. This sort of thing had been going on for a long time, with the result that the Service contains an unduly high proportion of square pegs, frequently embittered by long years of boredom or careless about having a worthwhile niche in life, living fully in other spheres. Such people—and you still find a great many of them in every Department—do not inspire confidence in the young entrants who follow them, however keen they may be at first and, as a result, the canker of apathy spreads. Now all this is not good for the Service, and it should make efforts to get the right types instead of welcoming all comers who can pass the *academic tests*. No boy or girl should embark upon a clerical career, least of all in the Civil Service, without first being quite convinced that the work will be congenial. I would also strongly advise young people with adventurous spirits, mechanical or specialised minds, roving temperaments or strong creative urges to think twice before becoming Government employees. At the same time, anyone whose roots go very deep and to whom the unexpected changes of a Service career with its constant liability to move would be profoundly disturbing, should also beware of a wrong decision.

Method of Recruitment

This brings us to two other points which are of great importance in maintaining efficiency in the Service. Every new entry should be interviewed by a sympathetic Board and a sincere effort made to fit him or her into the most suitable Department. In the Clerical Grade especially, which to the intelligent youngster is but a jumping-off ground into the Executive Grade, new entrants are directed haphazard to posts totally unsuited to their abilities and temperaments. I firmly believe that trouble taken in the early stages by the Civil Service Commission, working in closer conjunction with the various employing Departments, would be well repaid by the higher standards of staff efficiency in later years. And then, having been appointed, the new entrant should be allowed a greater measure of freedom of transfer than exists. After a few years, when the adolescent matures, sometimes unexpected talents or impelling interests show themselves which, under the present system, are all too often stifled or ignored. The young Civil Servant should be permitted to move about within the Service, even from one grade to another, if he can prove that he would be more use in his second choice. The same attitude should also apply to the man who wants to leave, but, because he would lose all his accrued *pension benefits* by voluntary resignation, he stays on until the end, clogging the efficiency of the organisation. A minimum period of, say, ten years to qualify would be enough, and although it would be most unpopular with the Treasury, it would again *improve* the functioning of the Service in the long run.

Conversely, much good would come of the recruitment of certain sections of the higher grades, including the Administrative Grade, from industry at a later age than is customary. During the war the Service had a blood transfusion in the form of *brilliant business executives* at top levels.

Most of these men were classed as temporary Civil Servants and have now left. This is a pity, and the Government would have done well to retain some of them permanently. It can still achieve the same end by instituting permanent recruitment from various spheres at any age up to about forty. Such men would only be persuaded to take this step by the offer of salaries commensurate with what they get outside in industry, and again we come to a big fault throughout the Service.

Two-way Publicity

Contrary to popular belief, Civil Servants are *not* unduly well paid. Young employees in the lower grades receive pitiful salaries, while in no grade do Government employees receive anything like the scales known in big business. The Head of the Civil Service, virtually in charge of some 700,000 employees, gets under £4,000 a year, and his is the highest-paid non-political post.

I would add a plea for publicity. The very word 'publicity' spells horror for many a high-up Civil Servant to whom secrecy is the breath of life, but the public should be told just what the Service is for and what it is doing. It should be given to realise that, with such a vast programme of social legislation as we have before us today, increases in the Civil Service are inevitable, but it should also be told truthfully that every effort to avoid waste of manpower and unnecessary work in all Departments is being made and will continue to be made, and most of all that the Civil Service, instead of becoming a bureaucratic burden on the country's back, is becoming an efficient administrator profitably serving the whole nation. Better relations between the Service and the public must then follow, but we shall also have to get rid of the rather regrettable attitude of snobbery adopted by many Civil Servants who ought to know better. There is a feeling, only *just* beneath the surface, that the Civil Servant is of a slightly superior rank to the rest of the public. This is by no means the 'bureaucratic dictatorship' against which some sections of the press warn us, but it should be stamped out.

Publicity, however, should work both ways. The Civil Service at every level should have a clear idea of what it is doing and how it is serving the public. I found a terrible ignorance in the lower grades of clerks and others doing monotonous jobs, without the foggiest notion of their place in the whole scheme of things. Each cog should realise his value to the working of the Government machine. And where any official cannot honestly give a clear picture of the importance of even the humblest job, then that is every recommendation that the job is itself unnecessary and should be scrapped.

For, that much work done is unnecessary, there is no doubt. Too many men with the out-dated official mind have got to the top through long-drawn-out promotion and they are jealous of anything they fear may jeopardise their positions. Initiative is therefore kept stunted and precedent encouraged. An impartial inquiry would find too much overlapping of work and, it must be confessed, too much *form-filling*. Forms are necessary under the present system, but their use is tending to become *an end in itself*. The type of mind which, fearing any departure from what has been done before, uses a well-defined, if ill-designed, form to guide its actions, or if the question is quite new, devises another form to meet the situation, is not helping the country's recovery. Forms exist for every conceivable thing, and those seen by the public are only *a tenth* of those used inside Government offices. Out of their use has grown the attitude of mind that requires everything to be on paper, which is undoubtedly clogging the general efficiency.

But, for all his faults, the average Civil Servant is a hard-working fellow, frequently as anxious for reforms as the man-in-the-street. It is up to every one of us to ensure that the work he has to do is really necessary, and that it is done as efficiently and as speedily as possible.

SUNDAY PAINTERS

ANTHONY WEST

The Sunday Painter is, roughly speaking, a working-class amateur. He either works all day and paints at week-ends—on Sundays—or he has spent a lifetime at work and paints when he has retired. He is not as a rule possessed of any technical training, and he is equally unfamiliar with the painting of the past and the present. Most certainly he has not read any art criticism. All this adds up to the proposition that a Sunday Painter is simply a painter lacking the essential technical, aesthetic, and intellectual schooling which makes the professional's work worth looking at, and leads to the question: why do art critics and art lovers bother with such stuff? The reason is that the Sunday Painter has, so far as painting is concerned, the innocent eye and the complete lack of inhibition of a child. Children just want to paint without having any particular reasons for doing so or theories about what they ought or ought not to do. As a result, their work has a happy lack of strain about it which frequently gives it lyrical charm of quite a high order. But it is rarely possible to live with. The child's experience is restricted, and the undeveloped mind cannot submit the limited fund of experience to the intellectual processes with which mature artists digest and generalise their visual experience. The child's pictures lack depth, and they very soon become boring. The painter, on the other hand, buys his maturity at the price of losing the virtues of the child's work: it is the old story of the forbidden fruit. That is why artists and art critics find a special interest in the work of those who have enjoyed adult experience and have yet managed to preserve the child's direct and spontaneous approach to painting.

Alfred Wallis was perhaps the best Sunday Painter England has yet produced. He was born in 1855 at Devonport, and when he was only nine went to sea as a ship's boy. For forty or fifty years he was a sailor, until he retired and became a rag-and-bone merchant in St. Ives. When he was over seventy he started to paint, using boatbuilders' enamels on old box lids, pieces of drift-wood, pieces of leather, table tops, wooden bellows, and jam-jars. He rarely used a conventional artist's canvas. He drew childishly, and in some respects as primitively as a cave-dweller. If he wants to make it clear that the boats in one of his pictures are on the fishing grounds or are setting lobster pots, he shows the fish and the pots, almost boat size, in the sea. Perspective is absent; things far off are high up on the picture, and small things near at hand are large and close to the foot of the picture. Yet when Ben Nicholson and Cristopher Wood glimpsed a wall covered with Wallis' work through an open door as they were walking through St. Ives one day, the effect on these two important artists was immediate; they recognised first-class work in which the good qualities outweighed the conventional shortcomings. First among these good qualities is command of colour. Wallis rarely uses more than four colours in a picture, sometimes only three, yet the effect produced is nearly always both rich and brilliant. In painting, it is these subtle harmonies

[Continued on page 53

By courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art

JOSEPH PICKETT Coryell's Ferry, 1776, and Washington taking views

BOMBOIS Self Portrait

HENRI ROUSSEAU — Vue de la Tour Eiffel et du Trocadéro, 1910

GRANDMA MOSES — The Trappers

Continued from page 48]

Aspects of Modern Painting (13)

economically achieved which give enduring satisfaction; colour effects achieved by crowding the canvas with dabs of all the colours of the rainbow may be attractive on impact but they very soon cloy. Then Wallis has something to express. His long life as a seaman gave him a real knowledge of the sea and ships. For Wallis the sea is the great enemy whose tides and storms destroy ships with their crews and wear away the iron rocks. In the same way his boats and ships are not picturesque objects but part of real life. Wallis as a sailor knew boats in the way which makes a man fond of one craft and loathe another, attributing kindness and docility to the first and malice to the second. His pictures are a perfect translation into terms of image of the old-fashioned sailor's feelings about the sea and ships. Wallis died at the age of eighty-seven during the war and, but for the accident of the open door, would have been entirely unknown. Ben Nicholson had, however, spread his name abroad as soon as he recognised the merit of the work, and it was some comfort to the old man to know that people in London, New York and Paris had the sense to appreciate work which his neighbours despised as the pastime of a dotard.

Grandma Moses

Grandma Moses is the leading American Sunday Painter and her recognition was also a matter of chance. She was born in 1860 and at the age of twelve went out to service as a hired girl. In 1887 she married a dairy farmer and from then on was busy setting cream, butter-making, rearing children and running a farm-house. Round about 1920 the youngest of her sons brought home a wife who slowly took Grandma's place. Mrs. Moses took up some crafts that filled her spare time: carpet weaving, making patch-work quilts and pictures in worsted yarns. At last her hands began to get arthritic, so that she could no longer manage the stitching. A sister suggested if she could make such pretty pictures of worsteds, why couldn't she paint in oils? She set to right away, painting her first picture in house-paints on the coarse green canvas left over from repairing a threshing machine cover. She did not, however, take to painting on canvas, and later developed her own methods, which are worth quoting as they are extremely practical, if not professional:

'I like Masonite tempered pressed wood, the harder the better. I prefer it to canvas, as it will last longer. I go over this with linseed oil, then with three coats of flat white paint, now I saw it to fit the frames. A picture without a fraim (*sic*) is like a woman without a dress, in my way of thinking.'

Then, when the white paint is dry, she starts at the top. First she draws a thin, wavy pencil line indicating the line of the hills in the background and how far down the sky will reach, and then paints in the sky. The horizon line is the only part drawn in before the sky is completed; that done, the main objects are roughed in with a few strokes of colour as a general guide for the last stage. All the detail is added as it is reached in the process of coming down from the horizon to the foot of the picture.

Grandma Moses' family liked the pictures well enough, but when she sent them down to the Women's Exchange in Thomas' drug-store in Hoosick Falls with jams and preserves, it was the jams and preserves which sold. It happened by chance that a New York collector, Louis Caldor, drove through the place and saw the pictures in the drug-store window where they had been put more or less for a joke. He recognised their merit immediately, bought four of them at once and went off to arrange a New York show.

Here again, as with Wallis, the absence of technical skill is outweighed by mastery of colour and by experience. Mrs. Moses uses many more colours than Wallis, but she uses comparatively few of them in a single picture. Generally she contrasts a few small passages of brilliant colour—such as a group of children in bright playsuits—against a three-coloured scheme composed of, say, blue sky, green forest, and snow-covered landscape. Her feeling for the structure of landscape is extremely

sensitive and her paintings are the only ones I have ever seen which really show the great beauty of the United States. Possibly they succeed so well in this because Mrs. Moses knows farming so well—all her landscapes are logical and understood. Most landscape painters have but the haziest idea of what is happening in their pictures since they have no knowledge of farming; they have the ability to express nothing more than their own emotional response to the surface beauty of the scene.

These two Sunday Painters are representative of the type. There are thousands of them, though few either reach such heights or are discovered by the critics. The work of true Sunday Painters can be found in all manner of out-of-the-way places in this country: bar parlours, church vestries and in junk-shops. In most Catholic countries they can be found in churches by the dozen. People who have been saved from disaster by a timely prayer to a saint go to the local artist who may be a wagon-painter, a sign-painter, or something quite unexpected, and get him to draw the incident. When the picture is done, the fortunate person takes it off to the church which is dedicated to his patron saint and has it hung there as a testimony to the power of the saint and prayer.

Sunday Painters in Paris

In Paris, however, it is another story, although that is the centre of a thriving Sunday Painter Industry. In the 'nineties a retired Exciseman called Rousseau took up painting and very deliberately adopted a technique suited to his vision. At first sight it appears naïve and childish, but it is, in fact, an inept but very sophisticated attempt to imitate primitive Italian technique. Rousseau was an assiduous visitor to the Louvre and he found there in the work of the Old Masters many details which he worked into his paintings. He deserves the title of Sunday Painter less than that of neo-primitive; he was aiming at something akin to the declared purpose (though not the achievement) of the English Pre-Raphaelites and he was just as innocent as Bret Harte's heathen Chinee. There is no doubt that he thought of himself as an artist from the time he left the Excise, when he was forty, until he died at the age of sixty-six in 1910. Before he died, he was taken up by the smart art set; he left portraits of Marie Laurencin, Pierre Loti, and Guillaume Apollinaire, and Braque and Picasso bought his work with a great deal of not altogether jocular *brouhaha*. Some of his work attains a certain nobility and beauty of colour, though the treatment of form remains incompetent, and composition never gets much further than the making of pretty patterns. *Un Centenaire de l'Indépendance* is perhaps his best painting, showing the full extent both of his gifts and limitations. When he died, however, he left a gap which has been crying out to be filled ever since. Large numbers of persons, some highly skilled, have entered the field as professional innocents. Dealers attracted by the remarkably good and steady business in *naïfs* have scoured the suburbs for them. Occasionally a real find like the market gardener, Bauchant, was made, but most of the Sunday Painters of the School of Paris are fakes. Bauchant was discovered by Ozenfant in 1922, and in 1928 by Diaghilev, who employed him to do some extremely attractive scenery for Balanchine's Ballet, *Apollon Musagète*. After that he was an artist of the School of Paris rather than a Sunday Painter. The same thing may be said of Bombois, a former wrestler turned café-proprietor, who now —successful in Paris and New York—fights a desperate battle to retain his childish vision and technique. There is nothing worse than the position of a Sunday Painter who finds that he has turned into a second-rate professional by cashing in on his hobby.

The happy Sunday Painter remains unknown, or achieves recognition at the very end of his life when it comes as the crown of the pleasure. Such painters may not produce great art, but they know, and give, great pleasure.

JUSTICE FOR HARINGTON

World Review takes pleasure in disclosing a glaring injustice. Why, in this age when culture and civilisation are judged increasingly in terms of plumbing, should there be this continued neglect of the 'Master Plumber' himself?

JOHN CHAPMAN

SIR JOHN HARINGTON, *court favourite, godson of Queen Elizabeth, and inventor of the Water-Closet*

Sir Thomas Browne seemed to find a certain melancholy satisfaction in the unpredictable favouritism of Time and Oblivion, who selected so oddly from the teeming millions of this earth the few whose names should be remembered after them; perpetuating the names of Pilate and Herodias and allowing to be forgotten those of the Good Thief and the Canaanitish Woman. It was, as he admitted, a very human desire, to ensure the remembrance of one's name by future generations, and one that many men had sought to realise in a number of curious ways, many of them elaborate and most of them fruitless. Hence, as he pointed out, the Pyramids.

There were very few, he would admit, who cared 'to subsist under naked nominations without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories . . . To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history.'

But was it not rather a pity that so often the just man left not even a memory of his name, while the evildoer remained triumphantly on the page of history? 'The iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of man without distinction to merit of perpetuity . . .'

After all, what did it matter? We had surely outgrown these childish desires. To the true believer such toys were of no importance. 'All this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief . . .' and for himself, it seemed all one 'to lie in St. Innocent's Churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt.'

Such was Browne's melancholy conclusion. And yet . . .

It still seems a pity, this disparity in the remembrance of our forefathers, who have deserved so well of us. When one comes across a peculiarly blatant injustice in the action of Time, the metaphysics of true belief weaken somewhat in the face of a burning desire to set the matter right. It is incongruous, for example, that the name of My Lord Sandwich should be perpetuated in the mouths of succeeding

A plaine plot of

Here are the parts set downe with a rate of the pryses, that a builder may guesse what he hath to pay.

A. the cesterne stone or bricke, prise. 0.6.8.

B.D.E. the pype that comes frō the cesterne, with a stopple to the washer. 0.3.6.

C. A wast pype. 0.1.0.

F.G. the stem of the great stopple, with a key to it. 0.1.6.

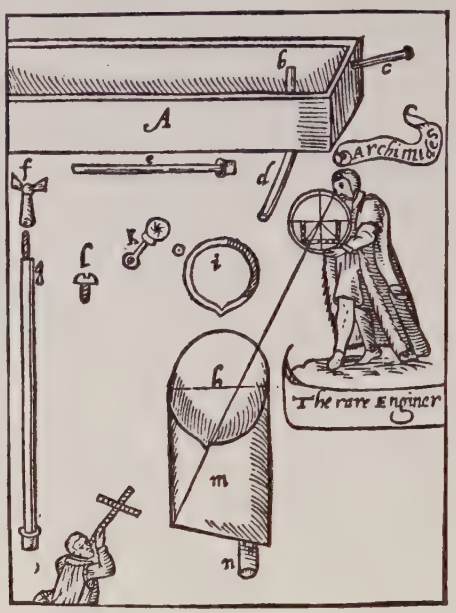
H. the forme of the vpper brim of the vessell or stoole pot.

M. the stoole pot of stone, prise. 0.8.0.

N. the great brasse sluce, to which is three inches current, to send it down a gallop into the Iax. 0.10.0.

And least you should mislike with this phrase I had it in a verse of a graue author, that was wont to walke vp and downe the Court, with a forest bill, I haue forgot how it begun (like a beast as he was) but it ended in ryme.

I. the seat with a peke deuaunt for elbow-roome, the whole charge 30. shillings eight pence, yet a mason of my maisters was offred thirtie pounds for the like. Memorandum the scale is about halfe an inche to a foote.



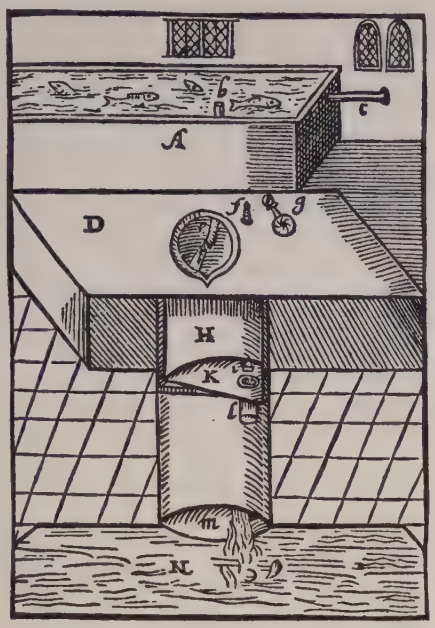
Original diagrams from The Metamorphosis of Ajax a New Discourse of a Stale Subject,

generations simply because of his ingenious device of placing a slice of meat between two hunks of bread, so as to sustain his body for the exertions of the gambling table without the irksome interruptions of more formal meals, and that My Lord Cardigan should be more widely spoken of for his choice of waistcoat than for his military activities in the Crimea. That Arthur Wellesley had secured for himself at Waterloo an immortality in the hearts of all Englishmen was not enough, it seems—he must also nominally surround their very feet, in a household word. Mr. Gladstone, Sam Browne, Sir Robert Peel, Lord Portal, Mr. Belisha, and others have also secured for themselves Patents from Oblivion (to use Sir Thomas Browne's phrase) by attaching their names to curious devices, and have achieved thereby a comparative immortality. Since the war a certain engineer has had the double satisfaction of receiving a knighthood, and a large sum of money—in addition to the perpetuating of his name in the mouths of soldiers and civilians alike—the inventor of the Bailey Bridge.

This was right and proper; and yet, there were bridges before Bailey, and though his skill was rightly rewarded, this very act of justice throws into deeper relief the failure to secure even a partial immortality of an even more ingenious inventor, whose product was of far greater benefit to mankind in general.

Not taken Seriously

The trouble about John Harington was that nobody ever took him seriously. No one ever could when he was alive; and no one has ever done so since. It has to be admitted that the man himself was much to blame. He was not a serious type. When he first went to Court, he was readily accepted, not merely because his educational background was sound (Eton and Cambridge) and his social status distinguished (a godson of Queen Elizabeth) but also because he was personally attractive. He was handsome, in spite of his



A priuie in perfection

A. the Cesterne.

B. the little washer.

C. the wast pipe.

D. the seate boord.

E. the pipe that comes from the Cesterne.

F. the Screw.

G. the Scallop shell to couer it when it is shut downe.

H. the stoole pot.

I. the stopple.

K. the current.

L. the sluce.

M.N. the vault into which it falles: alwayes remember that ( ) at noone and at night, emptie it, and leaue it halfe a foote deepe in fayre water. And this being well done, and orderly kept, your worst priuie may be as sweet as your best chamber. But to conclude all this in a few wordes, it is but a standing close stoole easilie emptyed.

And by the like reason (other formes and proportions obserued) all other places of your house may be kept sweet.

ritten by Sir John Harington, from the limited edition published by the Fanfrolico Press

snub nose, gay, witty, impudent—and a great success with the Ladies of the Bedchamber.

He wrote amusing epigrams. The ladies were amused. He found this delightful, and wrote some more. The Ladies roared. It was, he found, all too easy to be a success at Court. One only had to write some amusing lines, and not be too nice about the subject-matter and, luckily, he was able to do both of these with pleasant facility. Emboldened by his reception, he tried his hand at something rather longer and even more shameless. He translated the twenty-eighth Book of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso* and circulated it round the Court. The titters grew louder until they reached the ears of the Queen herself, and from that moment John Harington's fate was sealed. For Elizabeth was amused. She read the indecent manuscript, summoned the author, and with grave indignation in her voice and a twinkle in her eye, dressed him down severely for undermining the morals of the Ladies of the Bedchamber, and, as a suitable punishment, ordered him to quit the Court forthwith, never to return —until he had translated the remainder of the poem. . .

All was lost. From that moment John Harington never looked back. And, for precisely the same reasons, from that same moment he never looked forward. He was typed for ever as that amusing young man, the Queen's godson; fated for the remainder of his life to be a cause of laughter; fated for all eternity, it seemed, never to be taken seriously.

Everything about him became a joke, from his clever dog Bungay, which played such amusing tricks on the Spanish Ambassador, to his knighthood itself, awarded not by the Queen but, on the contrary, to her undisguised irritation, by Lord Essex, Deputy in Ireland, as a form of recompense to those who had followed him on that otherwise unprofitable expedition. Try what he would, nobody could ever regard him as other than slightly ridiculous. Even his old mother-in-law,

Lady Rogers, who had cackled appreciatively at his epigrams for years, never thought of leaving him anything in her will, and he acted true to his type by entering her house as she lay dying, breaking open coffers, and generally making a complete fool of himself by his desperate efforts to claim what was not his, until at last he was forced to leave in somewhat undignified circumstances by the irate heir. Even when he wrote an erudite and serious paper, 'On the Succession to the Crown', drawn up with great labour expressly for the eye of the new King James, it fell flat. It was hardly the sort of thing one expected from a man with a reputation like his; there was something rather improper in the notion that His Majesty's position and prerogative should be upheld by a notorious writer of scurrilous verse.

And so it was with his supreme invention. Sir John's tilted nose was evidence of something more than a delight in scandalous improprieties. It expressed exactly his distaste for an even more pungent element in the atmosphere of Elizabethan England—the odour of primitive methods of sanitation. The time came when Sir John could bear the stench no longer. He invented the Water-Closet.

A Momentous Invention

It is difficult to call to mind a more momentous invention in the history of Western civilisation. Millions have since been born who would bless the day it occurred (if they had ever known it) and the name of Sir John Harington (if they had ever heard of his existence). Few inventions have been so wholly good in their essence and in their results. The invention of the wheel, of the steam-engine, of the internal-combustion engine, of the printing-press, of explosives, and of the radio have also had far-reaching results; but it would be possible to sustain the thesis that the evil they have done has far outweighed the good. No one can say this of the Water-Closet. No one can claim that this innocent and pacific apparatus has ever been used as a weapon of war, as an agent of oppression and tyranny, as a subversive of morality, or as an enemy of culture. The possession of millions of them by one country has never been a source of fear and insecurity for its neighbour. The Water-Closet has never brought anything but sweetness to a murky atmosphere, light to dark places, solace and comfort to the afflicted, and an added pleasure to the privacy of the people at large.

Why, then, is Harington forgotten, when Cardigan and Sandwich are household words? Surely his claim to immortality is at least equally good? The invention itself was sound enough. The necessity for it was real indeed. The trouble was in Sir John himself. It was impossible to take the fellow seriously. His method of publicising the apparatus was typical, but unwise. He wrote a book on it, in which the effect of a precise, workmanlike explanation of the invention itself was completely spoiled by an introduction in his most fantastic and scurrilous style, full of atrocious puns, obscure allusions, pedantic learning and sheer buffoonery.

The Court, as usual, found it amusing. The subject was in itself a guarantee of laughter; always fit for schoolboy humour, it was now dignified by the respected name of Rabelais. The author was a noted Court jester. The Court read eagerly; the Court roared delightedly; the Court forgot about the whole affair. Even Elizabeth had smiled—until it was whispered that one of the innuendoes was aimed at Leicester. That was the end—or nearly so. A contest between the favourite godson and the Favourite Leicester was somewhat unequal. Sir John was banished once more. But the Queen's touchiness in certain matters was equalled by her shrewdness in others. There was, as she admitted, something in the idea. It was both practical and useful. She retained the Water-Closet. Sir John was neither. He departed.

He departed, sadly and pathetically, from the Court of Elizabeth; he departed this life, old, infirm and perpetually disappointed; he walked right out of the pages

of History, that frivolous courtier whom no one could ever take seriously. The Water-Closet remained: serious, practical, substantial, efficient and respected—all that its inventor had failed to be. It is his sole memorial, and it is still without inscription.

A Real 'Detailist'

It is a sad irony that this supreme, this redeeming, moment of Sir John's life should be so lightly dismissed. For his purpose is patently serious. The book on his invention is laboriously detailed and thoughtfully produced. It contains what is in effect a forerunner of the modern blueprint: a large sheet showing each separate article constituting the completed closet, drawn, not quite to scale, indeed, but approximately so, and each drawing linked by an adjacent letter to the Parts List, printed at the side. *A Plain Plot*, as he called it in the title at the top of his working diagram—*A Plain Plot of a Privy in Perfection.*

'This is a Don Ajax House of the new fashion', as the instructions make quite clear—'all in sunder, that a workman may see what he hath to do.'

Nor did he stop at this. Realising that there are sometimes other obstacles to the construction of a Water-Closet than the slender mechanical aptitude of the maker, he even appended a Price List, setting out the market cost of each working part.

'Here are the parts set down . . . with a rate of the prices, that a builder may guess what he hath to pay.

A, the cistern, stone or brick, price 6/8
B, D, E, the pipe that comes from the cistern, with a stopple, price 3/6
C, a waste-pipe, price ..... 1/-'

and so on, carefully enumerating each part of the machine, from the cistern to the lavatory seat and flushing mechanism (not a chain, but a 'screw' set handily beside the seat).

The diagram, apart from these practical and financial details, bringing the matter well within the capabilities and purses of the average householder, is rendered more attractive by a drawing of Archimedes, The Rare Engineer, dressed in Elizabethan gown and hose and peering through a complicated instrument rather like a sextant, as though taking a bearing on his mate in the bottom, left-hand corner.

This particular diagram has been described in some detail because it is important to realise that Sir John meant business. This is not the product of an idle dilettante, a hanger-on of the Court with a leaning towards schoolboy humour and an acquaintance with the reverend Rabelais, but a practical invention, seriously brought to the notice of the public. Nor was Harington satisfied with an Illustrated Parts List complete with Prices, and Full Instructions on Assembly. He followed this up with a second picture, showing the completed article, looking very clean and workmanlike (with the cistern, engagingly enough, filled with live fish). Then, to round off the Instructional Handbook in a logical manner, he added a third picture, showing The Completed Article In Use.

It was probably this third picture, as much as anything, that brought about the eclipse of Harington's reputation in later and less liberal centuries, and caused Bishop Mandell Creighton in Victorian times to describe the work as 'indecent'.

It is difficult for the modern eye to detect any real indecency in this perfectly proper picture of a patriarchal old gentleman in cap and gown, seated patiently, in the lonely splendour of the Perfect Privy. Nor was any real indecency seen by Elizabeth, it would seem, for she had a Harington closet set up in Richmond Palace, complete with a volume of the advertising matter itself (*The Metamorphosis of Ajax* as he called it) hanging from the wall within easy reach.

Shabby Treatment!

The unfortunate Sir John has had incalculable effects upon the growth of our urban civilisation, upon the size and concentration of our cities, upon the health of our teeming populations, upon the incidence of certain diseases, and even upon the expectation of life of the reader of these lines. And yet, how was he recompensed?

When he died 'an olde and infirme man' stricken of the palsy in 1612, he had achieved nothing but a semi-legitimate knighthood and a short-lived notoriety as an amusing rhymster.

It was hardly a fit reward for so ingenious a benefactor. If his treatment during his lifetime was unjust, the occasional notice he has received posthumously can only be described as shabby. He appears, it is true, in the Dictionary of National Biography. But what impulse it was that led the editors of that imposing series to select Dr. Creighton to write his biography is past conjecture. That eminent and respected Bishop was an acknowledged master of ecclesiastical administration. He also wrote an able history of the Papacy. Nor was he, it would appear, without a kindly tolerance for the peccadilloes of his brother humans.

So encouraged, one turns to his article on Harington in the Dictionary. Surely Sir John will at last receive his due?

But no. The Bishop finds it enough to say . . . 'that Harington throughout . . . resembles Sterne at his worst, no less in his curious and varied learning than in his indecency . . . As a poet he has received scanty justice from posterity. His translation of *Orlando Furioso* has been superseded, and his epigrams, disfigured by coarseness, are forgotten . . .'

So also, it seems, is the invention of the Water-Closet. The charity that could pass lightly over the adultery, murder and blasphemy of Pope Alexander the Sixth, the father of the Borgias, is not accorded to the author of 'a Rabelaisian Satire'. The reason, perhaps, is that poor Sir John failed to play 'a prominent part in European affairs', and was not therefore a deserving case. Alexander was a success. Sir John was not. Even Dr. Creighton could hardly take him seriously; nor has anyone since.

This is not good enough.

There is a glaring injustice to be remedied. Surely an appeal for such a cause still finds a ready welcome in English ears? It is too late now to confirm Sir John in his uneasy knighthood. A lump sum, freely voted, is of no avail. And time is still passing—the oblivion is becoming a habit. The 350th anniversary of the invention slipped past in 1946—unheeded except by that tiny band of initiates who still revere his memory. Something really must be done by 1996.

It is indeed an astonishing thing that in this age, when culture and civilisation are more and more largely judged in terms of plumbing, no one has yet come forward to protest against this continued neglect of the Master Plumber himself. The lead must now come from the Common Man.

It is urged that a Committee be formed forthwith, consisting of an Eminent Physician, a Learned Divine, a well-known Plumber, and a representative of the Users, under the Chairmanship of the Minister of Health. Their terms of reference should be —to find ways and means to Remedy the Iniquity of Oblivion in the Case of John Harington, Knight, Inventor of the Water-Closet, and to Secure him a Patent from Oblivion (no other form of Patent having been either Sought or Secured by him during his lifetime or thereafter).

It is to be hoped that the suggestion of a statue will not be entertained: there is already a superfluity of these useless memorials, and there is a manifest danger of the usual tedious and unseemly wrangles as to whether the subject should be shown seated or otherwise. Besides, such representations are of little practical use, and thus do not portray the spirit of the inventor.

Let the committee consider the following two points. First. The surest form of immortality lies in the mouth of the Common Man. Second. After 35 decades there are still large portions of England untouched by the civilising genius of Sir John Harington. Let this, therefore, be their slogan—'No English Home without a Harington!'

Why should the cardigans, the sandwiches, the wellingtons and the mackintoshes have it their own way for ever?

And if the Common Man does not show the required enthusiasm, it can easily be fixed by an Order in Council.

(1) John Cowper Powys

THE MAN AND HIS WORK

This article is the first of a series in which each month a literary critic will deal with a famous writer, combining an assessment of his literary merit and influence with a study of his life and philosophy

KENNETH HOPKINS

John Cowper Powys was born in 1872, the eldest of eleven children. His father, the Rev. C. F. Powys, was then Rector of Shirley, in Derbyshire. His was a massive character, simple in essentials, but with proud and secret reticences. There were family connections with the blood of the poets Cowper and Donne, and traces of these very dissimilar strains may be found in the writings of the Powys brothers. Their father lived to a great age, an ever-present influence upon his family, a still centre upon which their lives revolved, no matter how far they departed from his sturdy, unquestioning faith, and his uncritical delight in 'the pleasure which there is in life itself.'

In his *Autobiography* John Cowper Powys gives a memorable picture of the little village where he spent his first years, and how deeply the child was influenced by his childhood in that quiet corner may be judged by the vividness of the memories he drew upon, over sixty years later, while writing the book. He was only seven years old when his father accepted a curacy at Dorchester, in Dorset, and thereafter the family was brought up in the West Country. In 1885 the Rev. C. F. Powys became rector of Montacute, near Yeovil, in Somerset, not far from his own birthplace, Stalbridge, and here in the centre of the romantic lands of King Arthur and the Grail legends, amid Celtic, Roman, Saxon and Norman influences, all of which conditioned their artistic development, this remarkable family grew up.

In due course John Cowper and his next brother, Littleton, were sent to the preparatory school, and thereafter to the big school at Sherborne. John's life at school was not happy; he had no interest in sport and little in the ordinary social life of the place. He made few friends. He was unpopular. He ended his schooldays by a public apologia before the whole school, in which he gave the astonished company a foretaste of that inspired eloquence that was to be his living for thirty years.

He proceeded to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, and here for the first time came under powerful influences other than those of his family. At Cambridge he made a few life-long friendships, but he no more entered into the normal life of the place than he had at school. Already his wayward genius was at work in him, and he reacted strongly, but *differently*, to the stimuli that affect early manhood. He had as yet no thought of becoming a writer, and when he left the University, it was to school-mastering that he first turned. With a small allowance from his father, and his modest earnings from lecturing 'at girls' schools', for several years he lived at various small places—Southwick, Shoreham—along the Brighton coast, then unspoilt and lonely.

JOHN COWPER POWYS—*novelist, essayist, poet and thinker*

From lecturing at schools, he turned to lecturing for the University Extension authorities, and after several seasons with them, including courses of lectures on the Continent, in 1905 he made his first lecture tour in America. To America he returned again and again, and finally settled there—if the word 'settled' may be used for the breathless life he thereafter lived, lecturing in practically every large city, and hundreds of smaller ones. For thirty years, in the face of almost constant ill-health, his life was given up to this lecturing, into which he poured his whole energies, his eloquence, his insight, and an actor's technique. Comparatively few people in this country have heard him speak. Louis Wilkinson has called him one of the great natural orators of our time. Powys himself explains that when he speaks upon a writer, he *becomes* that writer and, as can be imagined, this 'getting under his skin' frequently produces an interpretation of the writer far removed from the judgments of orthodox criticism. It is this subjective approach that gives to Powys' written criticism its peculiar value.

Some part of the First World War Powys spent lecturing in England. He had returned to enlist, but was rejected on medical grounds—he was already suffering from the ulcers which for the greater part of his life have made him a sick man—and he gave a series of recruiting lectures in large provincial towns.

On his return to America, he found his lecturing agent, G. Arnold Shaw, launching out as a publisher, and it seems likely that it was this that turned Powys' thoughts to the idea of writing for publication. In his *Autobiography* he tells how, as a young man, he composed an interminable romance into which he wove fantastic portraits of his friends, and which he read aloud to them in the taverns of Brighton and Worthing. But of ambition to publish, he had none. Apart from two volumes of verses published in 1896 and 1899, and a piece of political polemic in 1914, at the age of forty-three he had published virtually nothing. In early 1915 G. Arnold Shaw published *Visions and Revisions*, 'a book of literary devotions', as the author called it, and later in the same year, *Wood and Stone*, his first novel. Thereafter hardly a year passed without one or two books, and at this date John Cowper Powys has published nearly forty books.

For the next twelve or fifteen years Powys continued lecturing, mainly in America, at the same time slowly making a reputation—again, mainly in America—as an unusual and powerful writer. He had no recognition in England until 1929, when his novel, *Wolf Solent*, appeared.

In 1934, at the age of sixty-two, he published his astonishing *Autobiography*, and soon afterwards finally returned to England, settling first in Dorset, near his brothers T. F. and Llewelyn Powys, and later at Corwen, in that Powysland whence his remote ancestors came, and where his Welsh studies and interests have led him to write the huge romance of *Owen Glendower*, and another not yet published.

Against this background of his life, let me now briefly consider his work.

Spiritual Pilgrimage

Although many of the family grew up to distinction in life, by 'the Powyses' we mean, generally, the three brothers—John Cowper, Theodore Francis, and Llewelyn, who between them published nearly a

hundred books. Of this body of work, both in numbers and in bulk, the works of John Cowper Powys are the principal part; he began to publish earlier, and continued to publish later than they.

His work may conveniently be divided thus: novels, literary criticism, philosophy. Outside these main divisions lie his poetry, and the *Autobiography*.

The *Autobiography of John Cowper Powys* (1934) is a great and disturbing book, unlike any other published in our time. Every autobiography should be complemented with a biography, for the starkest self-portrait can show only one side, whereas the detached observer can see all sides. Accordingly, it is advisable to read the *Autobiography* in conjunction with Louis Marlow's *Welsh Ambassadors* (1936), that intimate account of thirty years' friendship with the family. Marlow's sensitive objectivity, and Powys' convoluted subjectivity between them furnish a clear and accurate portrait. The *Autobiography* is a breathless book, as though it were written straight off like a letter. It is essentially a spiritual pilgrimage, the growth of a mind, taking only cursory account of time or place. It is true there is more or less orderly progression, from year to year and from sea to sea, but there isn't a date in the book, and the happenings are such as might happen anywhere, if they are to happen at all. It is the reader's privilege to see a man's life as he saw it, with no reticences, no evasions.

It is a book full of vivid and convincing portraits. But the book's enduring value is in its presentation of the author himself, that wild and formidable figure with the hook nose and heavy cudgel, tramping over the Downs, or interpreting Milton to the young ladies of Hove, or declaiming Whitman in his native Long Island, or writing 'Jack's descriptive letters' home from every corner of Europe. Here, too, more than in all his purely philosophical works, is to be found Powys' final and essential philosophy, and his interpretation of life. It is a personal philosophy, based on no single system, but drawing something from many, and adding something of its own. Lacking the impassioned hedonism of his brother Llewelyn, and the unshadowed faith of Theodore Francis, John Cowper at one time swayed towards the Church of Rome, but his undisciplined nature finally shrank from so strict a creed to embrace the broader faith that can see more Gods than one. His is a non-aggressive philosophy that yields, and yields, like water, and like water flows back and covers what disturbed it. His humility he takes as far as humility will go; and his pride as far as pride will go, so that the two have retreated so far from one another that in the nature of the circle they meet. He takes no account of success and holds all men in equal esteem.

'What I find I have to do for myself,' he says in his latest book, *Obstinate Cymric* (Druid Press, 1947), 'is to try to bring what is called "Philosophy" into a closer, more personal, more intimate touch with my own daily existence and with the daily existence of other men and women, both old and young, who feel as I do—that we've reached a deep chasm or crack in our moral-social path that must be bridged or jumped. In other words—like one lob-worm whispering the secret of a new trick he's found for getting through the mud to other lob-worms—I am struggling, in spite of my natural vermiform verbosity and volubility, to communicate, as I go inching along, to my tribal neighbour, a certain device I have discovered in these last twelve years for making life easier. . . .

'. . . to throw away my bundle of remorse and with it the whole deadly weight of all those heavy sanctities, and solemnities—totems and taboos, which any "philosophy" that really and truly comes down to earth and to the physical, mental, and nervous shocks of our daily life must at this present point in the long spiral of Life and Time and History shake away, slough off, and wholly eschew.'

The basis of Powys' philosophy is recognition of man's complete isolation within himself. From the cradle to the grave, we are alone, whether we are in the arms of a lover or on the top of a barren hill. The

'I' within us maintains a perilous and tenuous intercourse with the 'I' within its neighbours, with the sub-conscious 'I' within a table, and the super-conscious 'I' of the Creator. Within this prison or flesh the conscious spirit looks out on a world in which every other conscious thing is looking out, desperately, and despite all effort incapable of becoming one with any other. Our purpose should be, therefore, to make the best of our world; more, to *enjoy* it; to be happy, and to achieve this happiness by any and every expedient except by making others unhappy. Morality, immorality, wrong and right exist only in so far as they mark the difference between seeking one's own happiness and interfering with that of other people.

The Modern Epicurean

Powys' philosophical writings—their titles, *In Defence of Sensuality*, *The Art of Happiness*, *A Philosophy of Solitude*, and the titles of such individual essays as *The Art of Forgetting the Unpleasant* sufficiently indicate their scope—lay down no hard and fast rules, attack no rival system, and establish none of their own. They express a very personal philosophy which for most people would be modified in practice. It is a philosophy upon which one might base one's own; it is not a rule-of-thumb 'way' of living. It indicates a line of approach to the problems of human existence, and discusses some of the enemies of happiness—in particular 'science', 'progress', 'modernity' which Powys considers the most insidious. But the remedy lies not in fighting the forces that beset us, but in giving way, giving back, with a sort of 'scorched earth policy' of the spirit, so that in defeat nothing is lost by the loser, and nothing is gained by the victor, for the loser's integrity is undamaged, and the victor's intention is unfulfilled.

Accept all, embrace all, ignore all, and in spite of everything, and because of everything, be happy. If the situation is as bad as it can be, at least be happy that it cannot be worse! Be so humble that nothing can degrade you, so proud that every blow is a caress, and there can be no issues, no problems, no disappointments, and no frustrations.

John Cowper Powys has published eight novels, and recently completed a ninth; the first seven are set mainly in the present century, in the English West Country, and the latest, *Owen Glendower*, in fourteenth-century Wales. The new novel is also a Welsh historical novel. One other book, *Morwyn*, is apparently a novel, but is at least equally an attack on the practitioners and approvers of vivisection.

The reader coming newly to Powys' work will do well to begin with *Wolf Solent*, in some ways the most satisfying of his novels.

Wolf Solent is the story of a man, neurotic, eccentric, who returns after many years to the West Country scene of his childhood, where his parents were involved in a great scandal, and where his father's mistress still lives. His mother, proud, headstrong, flaunting the old controversy, follows him, and sets the little country town in a whirl. Solent himself falls in love with his cousin, but marries a country girl to whom he is utterly unsuited, and the novel is broadly an account of the complicated relationships of Solent and his circle. The characters are all drawn somewhat larger than life-size, but this is not apparent so long as they are within the framework of the story. The West Country background—the towns of Ramsgard and Blacksod are in reality Sherborne and Yeovil—is described with a wealth of convincing detail, and the least character is vivid and alive. The prose is greatly improved from the slightly verbose style of the earlier novels and the construction tighter. *Wolf Solent* is a piece of art, whereas the earlier novels were no more than exposition.

On a Grand Scale

A Glastonbury Romance (1933) said J. D. Beresford, is 'one of the greatest novels in the world'. Vast in design, intricate in detail, it contains half a million words. It was written in a year and nine months.

Writing of this novel in *The Modern Thinker*, its author said one of several reasons why he wrote it was 'to express certain moral, philosophical and mystical ideas that seem to me unduly neglected in these days. . . . The main idea was to isolate a spot on the surface of the earth, a spot known to the author from his boyhood, and to write a story about this spot, making the spot itself the real hero or heroine of the tale. . . . There are no less than six major love affairs, one murder, three births, two deaths, and one raising from the dead. . . . In short, my Glastonbury world resembles all other worlds on this planet and is a *mêlée* of adventure, tragedy, comedy, chance, hopes, despairs, triumphs; and all these take their course on their own level, while the greater forces—thrones, dominations, principalities, and powers—advance and retreat on theirs. . . . What excuse did I find for writing "Finis"?—the excuse found by God when *his* world got beyond his control—The Flood.'

Powys has been criticised for his apparent prolixity, but this is not a valid criticism. There is no reason why any of his novels should ever come to an end, and in a sense they are a single whole, though the names of the characters change, and the scene shifts from Montacute to Weymouth, or back to Dorchester. His heroes grapple with similar problems, and reach by similar philosophies similar solutions. Theirs are the fundamental problems of love, jealousy, self-interest, lust, that confront us all, and there is counsel for us all in their reactions, their success or failure. There is as much philosophy in these novels as in the more strictly philosophical of their author's works, and it is here expressed in a form that will endure.

In these novels the faithful and careful portrayal of the local background is an important feature; the protagonists are often wild and unlikely enough, though sufficiently plausible in their context; but the Dorset small-town and village life is as delicately accurate as an etching.

His body of literary criticism consists at present of five or six books of essays (some of them published only in America) and studies of Dorothy M. Richardson, Dostoievsky and Rabelais. Thomas Hardy held these essays in high esteem and kept a volume of them by his bed. Powys' appreciation is always catholic, but frequently illuminated by some unexpected twist. 'Where there is great light, there is great shade,' said Goethe, and it is Powys' peculiar excellence that he can, again and again, see *into* the shade and newly interpret a great writer. In *The Pleasures of Literature* (1938) he considers twenty of the great writers of the world, and says something individual and arresting about each. In *Rabelais* (1948) he newly translates passages from the original, and exposes the excesses of Urquhart, giving a sympathetic account of Rabelais' stormy life.

Of Powys' philosophical writings I will say nothing; they contain valuable material for those who seek it, but in my opinion add little to the general philosophy of his novels, except by way of expansion and explanation. They are the least generally interesting, and the least likely to survive. They complement and complete his work, without adding to its ultimate value.

Powys has tremendous blemishes, and astonishing beauties; all his work is on a grand scale, in design and execution. At its best, purged of repetition, and with a tremendous vocabulary to draw upon, his prose is the equal of any by his contemporaries, and is indeed head and shoulders above most of them. The defects of his style, apparent enough in his early work, arise largely from his practice as a lecturer, and have been less noticeable since he retired from the platform. He is writing today with a power greater than ever, and more perfectly under control. There are scenes in *Owen Glendower*, in *Maiden Castle*, in *Weymouth Sands*, which no contemporary could equal, and which make the thin, competent novels which are written by so many of his detractors look as foolish as their authors.

It is time for an authoritative appraisal of this great and neglected writer.

THE REVIEW OF REVIEWS

Humour in Parliament

THE *London Quarterly*, in an article on 'The Minor Annals of the House of Commons', recalls two strange incidents:

A curious ironic detail is that the first Speaker, who was declared by statute to be the First Commoner of the Realm, was Sir John Trevor, who had to put from the chair a motion in his own condemnation: 'That Sir John Trevor, Speaker of this House, for receiving 1,000 guineas from the City of London after the passing of the Orphans' Bill, is guilty of a high crime and misdemeanour.' When the unhappy man put this question, there was a great shout of 'Aye', and not a single voice raised for the 'Noes'.

Of all curious incidents in parliamentary history, perhaps the most wonderful is that connected with the Habeas Corpus Act. This famous statute would have been thrown out by the Lords, if one of the tellers for the Bill had not persuaded his co-teller, by some process of mystification, to count one stout peer as ten! The miscalculation escaped notice, and the Bill, by means of this very artificial majority, became law.

Sat Upon!

'The Quaint Side of Parliament' also occupies Mr. Michael MacDonagh's pen in the *Nineteenth Century*. One out of his many stories may be mentioned here:

A few years ago a London member sat down, after his maiden speech, on a new silk hat which he had provided in honour of the auspicious occasion, and as he was ruefully surveying his battered headgear, to the amusement of the unfeeling spectators, an Irish representative rose and gravely said: 'Mr. Speaker, permit me to congratulate the honourable member on the happy circumstance that when he sat on his hat his head was not in it.' The call of 'Order, order!' from the Speaker was drowned in roars of laughter.

COMMERCE V. CONQUEST

Uncle Sam (to John Bull): 'Don't scare him, John, the way those other fellows are doing. Tell him all we want is to have him open his harbours and markets to everybody!'

From *Puck*

The Stupid British Bagman

The *Engineering Magazine* quotes from correspondence which was published last month in *Engineering* on the subject of the superior alertness of American commercial travellers over those of our own people:

Referring to the reason why the travelling salesman from America is received and welcomed by the English purchaser, one correspondent remarks: 'The traveller from the States offers machine tools of a class such as are not produced in Great Britain.'

The American salesman's method of doing business also comes in for a share of notice. 'He thoroughly understands his business, and has plenary powers to conclude a bargain. He can pick up a piece of work and say: "I will guarantee to make you a machine to turn out these at so much a dozen, and the price will be so much." The Englishman says: "I will make a note of your requirements, and our firm will write you on the subject." What is the use of taking a commercial traveller into your works? You can get no ideas out of him, and the ideas you put into him get sadly changed before they reach his principal. We don't take strange Americans into our confidence because we love them, but for the sake of what we can get out of them; and we don't pay them more than we can help.'

Mr. Bodley's Modern France

The condition of France after a century of revolution is one of the most interesting subjects of study in modern history.

When in Doubt Denounce Parliamentarism

An all-pervading spirit of pessimism, Mr. Bodley declares, is sapping the vital life of France. He traces the cause of this hopeless feeling, and maintains that it springs primarily from the evils of Parliamentarism. Throughout his book he continually returns to this thesis. According to Mr. Bodley, the greatest mistake the French ever made was to copy the British Constitution, for by nature they are unsuited for Parliamentary government. Had they modelled their Constitution on that of the United States, Mr. Bodley is inclined to believe the recent history of France might have been very different. The root of all the ills from which France is suffering is not the Republican form of government, but the Parliamentary system itself. The Republican form only extends the area of evil. Mr. Bodley, however, is hardly convincing. All the arguments which he

adduces in favour of his theory equally apply to any form of government, Imperial, monarchial or republican. In France are to be found side by side all the contradictions and incompatibilities possible to imagine.

The Indifference of the People

Mr. Bodley's book does not primarily deal with the French people but with the political and ruling classes. The two are by no means complete. This is one of the features of French life which needs to be continually borne in mind. It explains many things which at first sight appear inexplicable. It is impossible to generalise in French affairs, for we have practically two nations within one living side by side. The great mass of the people is supremely indifferent to the Government under which it lives as long as it secures a certain, rather restricted amount of liberty:

> There is no nation in modern times which has sacrificed more for the sake of theory and form of government than France; yet there is none which contains a larger proportion of citizens indifferent to the name of the régime under which they perform their daily tasks, whose chief desire is that the course of the world may be so ordered that they may lead quiet and peaceful lives.

Workman-Monasteries in Russia

But the most striking facts Professor Ferrero advances relate to Russia. He declares Moscow to be the one holy city still left in Europe—'a vast oratory', where every act is accompanied by some religious ceremony, yet the centre of a unique industrial system. There prevails 'what may be called the monastic system of industrial life', which is thus described:

> 'I visited,' says Ferrero, 'a silk manufactory, employing from four to five thousand hands. The employer lodges and feeds them. He provides for them dormitories and refectories. A strange sight are the dormitories, each of which contains from two to three hundred beds, arranged in two rows, as in a hospital, with a broad gangway between. There are dormitories for men, and others for women. In each the walls above the bed-heads are studded with sacred images. To a given number of beds one table is assigned, and on every table is a great *samovar*, for making tea. Besides these dormitories for the unmarried of both sexes, for families there exist great barrack-like buildings, each with rooms for a hundred and twenty families, and a common kitchen. . . . The single workers eat their meals together, and these are supplied them by their employer—soup in the morning, soup and meat at mid-day and at evening, black-bread at four o'clock. The whole of a worker's life is regulated by the sound of the bell—when to rise, when to work, when to eat, when to sleep. A manufactory mechanical regularity of life, which will, according to some, be the curse of the Collectivism of the future, exists today in the full glare of Capitalism among the Russian artisans.'
>
> This monastic system prevails with greater or less completeness in all the manufactories of Moscow.
>
> 'Certainly' (Ferrero continues with emphasis) 'these workman-monasteries form one of the most accursed inventions of the oppressive spirit of man.'

The Betrayal of British India to Russia

Day by day it is becoming increasingly difficult to recognise the Government that exists in the Indian Empire as a British Government. Judging from the new law of sedition, which cuts up by the roots the liberty of the Press, India might have already been conquered and annexed to Russia. Lord Elgin and his colleagues certainly seem to be diligently preparing for the advent of the Cossack. A few more bills like Mr. Chalmers' press gag and the Tsar will find himself as much at home in Calcutta as in Siberia or Poland. But it is not only in suppressing the liberty of the Press and stifling freedom of speech that the despots of Simla are approximating the Government of India to the Government of Russia. Nothing is more opposed to English principles, nothing more abhorred by English sentiment, than the abominable practice of imprisonment without trial by order of the Government. But the Natu Brothers of Poona have been in gaol since last August untried, with no opportunity of clearing themselves from the charge which has never been formulated against them, and with no chance of being heard in their own defence. But this is not merely to endanger England's rule in its place. For my part I love Russia, but I don't believe in paying Lord Elgin to govern India on Russian principles.

AT THE PARLIAMENTARY OLYMPIA
Will he clear them?
From the *Westminster Budget*

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New Books

STALIN

By Leon Trotsky. *Hollis & Carter.* 25s.

Reviewed by Professor George Catlin

There is nothing especially edifying or profitable in the mutual recriminations of murderers. This is presumably why several reviewers have written down this biography as a 'bad book'. It seems to them of no permanent importance whether or not Trotsky is right that Stalin has been by turns seminarist, robber, forger, assassin and poisoner. Peculiarly these accusations seem trivial, dreary and 'hair-splitting' to those who are seized with the *mystique* of the Russian Revolution. These are those who choose to judge good and evil acts by whether they contribute to the Revolution's apocalypse, and not the Revolution in terms of human good and evil. Nevertheless, to the historian it is of some interest whether Stalin in fact caused Lenin and Gorky to be poisoned; and, on this point, Trotsky, who was himself assassinated by GPU agents, is not bad evidence. In this century, we are now accustomed to shake hands with murderers; but, at least, it is still desirable to know whether it is with murderers that Mr. Zilliacus and others of us are shaking hands. Trotsky says we are.

We have here a picture of one of the late architects of the Russian Revolution by one of the earlier, the Commissar for War who was assuredly no mere theorist. It is Trotsky's central thesis that Stalin is 'the Man of Thermidor'. To those who follow the so-called 'realistic' school of Professor E. H. Carr, this will be welcome news—and to all who believe that we shall get along well enough with Russia if we only forget idle ideologies and see states as gladiators walking, just as they always have been since the seventeenth century. Unfortunately, it will be recalled that the Revolutionary France, which Britain and her Allies had to fight hardest for their lives, was precisely that, not of Danton, but of the First Consul who sprang from Thermidor and Brumaire—but who still chose to regard himself as the child of the Revolution.

Unhappily, this last of Trotsky's books does not go beyond 1927. We have to turn elsewhere for his full evidence in the Moscow trials. We do not get his comments on the Hitler-Stalin Pact of 1939–41, or on Stalin's negotiations for a deal with Hitler suggested by the Nazis in 1943–4 (*American Mercury*, Nov. 1947). But we are left with enough material indispensable for forming a balanced judgment on the major historic currents of our times. Nor can even fellow-travellers, who find it highly unpalatable, brush it aside as showing grotesque malice in the confectioner. For to do so would be to declare not only Trotsky a knave, but Lenin and most of the Old Bolsheviks to be fools. And, without being convinced that Lenin was a Trotskyite, we may admit that he was both no fool and one of the severest critics of Comrade Joseph Djugashvili *alias* Koba or Stalin. The most effective critique of the revolution always arises from within itself.

What Trotsky fails to demonstrate is not the repudiation of Christian morality by men with the methods of Chicago gangsters or Hitler toughs, but that Stalin was not, and is not, a good Marxist Bolshevik. His concern can be as genuine as Trotsky's for the world revolution. Merely his methods are different because, more cannily, he has sought to establish for his lever one fulcrum of overwhelming breadth and power—Russia, especially Asiatic Russia. Stalin is not only more Russian (Georgian provincial though he be) than Trotsky, but he is also, as he told Matsuoka, very Asiatic. Trotsky suggests that he is only half Georgian, and inherits the Mongolian Osetin characteristics of one of his parents. But this ancestry does not preclude this new Ghenghis (the comparison is Trotsky's) from using the tactics of Marx for his own purposes. And, if Stalin has an itch for personal power, he is not alone in that, in this New Age of the Tyrants.

What, however, one does descry from the inspissate pages of this thick book is the shape of something immense and almost utterly evil, more Caliban yet than Satan, emerging from

the forest background of what remains the country of the Satanist Rasputin. It is something which it is difficult for the children of the Western Renaissance to understand. Those who have read from Lenin to Souvarine and from Duranty to Kravchenko, to set against the Western surface-scratchings of Carr and Crankshaw and Sloan, can now read this volume. If Hitler in *Mein Kampf* told us what Germany was going to do, those who have eyes to see can now find clearly enough written what the rulers of Holy Russia propose to do if they can. Such men will doubtless be able to direct the peace-loving masses as they have done before.

THE STEEP PLACES
By Sir Norman Angell. *Hamish Hamilton*. 8s. 6d.

THE UNITY OF EUROPE
By V. A. Firsoff. *Lindsay Drummond*. 12s. 6d.

In *The Steep Places* Sir Norman Angell brings to the problems of today the same power of acute diagnosis which made *The Great Illusion* one of the classic commentaries on human affairs, and the processes and results of his inquiry are set down in that fluent and easy style which has hardly a fault in itself though it may fail in its purpose, because there are so many students of international affairs who, ever since Marx lumbered past, have been unable to believe that what is directly and explicitly stated can ever be true or profound.

Marx, indeed, and his interpreters give Sir Norman one of his main points of attack. The title-headings of four important chapters give a fairly precise indication of the line the author takes: 'Opinions, Not Facts, Guide Men', 'Moral Passion for Immoral Causes', 'Educated Defiance of Facts', and 'Passion in the Wrong Place'. Whereas the Marxist interpretation of history places the emphasis on the material facts of our external environment, Sir Norman Angell is more concerned with 'the other half of the equation', man's own mind and the way in which he interprets the things of the external world.

Two opposing interpretations of the things of the external world have assumed an importance, outweighing all others—they are, broadly speaking, the Russian view and the view taken by the 'Western democracies'. So the main problem examined here is whether the two systems can exist side by side. One of the main tenets of Soviet faith is, in Stalin's own words: 'It is inconceivable that the Soviet Republic should continue to exist for a long period side by side with imperialistic states—ultimately one or the other must conquer.' More recent statements of Soviet policy have not borne much sign of a bending away from this classical Marxist attitude; but the author points out that in a previous age learned theologians were convinced that different Churches—Protestant and Catholic, say—could not co-exist peacefully, and puts forward his belief that the differences between Socialism and Capitalism are often greatly exaggerated. Capitalist countries are becoming more socialised, and Russia has had to incorporate certain features characteristic of capitalist states. The main effort today should be directed not to introducing Russian methods into the West or Western methods into Russia, but to the devising of agreements which will make life in common possible for two systems which remain different; the obstacle to agreement is not the existence of Capitalism so much as the conviction that 'Capitalism is the cause of war.' The most stimulating and memorable part of this book is the clear diagnosis of those troubles of the mind, those dogmatisms, illusions, fallacies and self-deceptions which, because they are rooted in multitudes of individual minds, become problems not of individual psychology only but also of history.

Sir Norman Angell may be criticised sometimes on the ground that his language is at times not 'scientific' or, indeed, not even studiously philosophical; nevertheless it will be some time before we get another book which, while being easy to read, at the same time stimulates hard thinking about problems which may require for their solution more time than our present civilisation has at its disposal. The author is optimistic both about the finding of a solution and the future of the British Commonwealth. Mr. Firsoff also detects a change in the Soviet attitude which, although it may not fully develop until after Stalin's death, may be hoped to lead to a saner compromise between the two rival systems. He expresses this view in a topical postscript to *The Unity of Europe*, a collection of essays on such topics as race in Europe, national sovereignty, federalism, and international law.

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END OF A BERLIN DIARY

By William L. Shirer. *Hamish Hamilton.* 15s.

American war-correspondent and broadcaster, William L. Shirer has spent over twenty years on foreign assignments. During part of that period he was a close observer of the growth of Nazism, culminating in twilight over Europe ably depicted in his *Berlin Diary* (1941) which helped to arouse some of his fellow countrymen to the approaching danger which finally erupted in Pearl Harbour.

In this sequel he follows the same pattern—snippets of gossip and personal asides intermingled with some first-rate reporting of major international events.

Having had access to most of the German secret documents captured by the Allies, Mr. Shirer gives the history of Hitler's last days as well as the real story behind the Munich Pact. The author states that 'beyond a shadow of doubt the mad Führer was not bluffing during the "Munich crisis".' Not only was Hitler ready to attack Czechoslovakia in 1938, but he intended to attack with the full knowledge that such an assault would mean world war. Much more debatable is Mr. Shirer's condemnation of Neville Chamberlain's intervention, which gained a year's respite. Considering the general state of the Allies' armament at that time, it seems doubtful reasoning to say that, had World War II broken out in 1938, Germany would have been 'easily and quickly beaten'. The advance from Normandy's beaches provokes this glib conclusion from Mr. Shirer: 'Most of our officers at the front feel the British are tired and that the offensive drive must come, and does come, from us.' Somewhere around Caen the British (tired or otherwise) and the Canadians, fairly 'rarin' to go', were doing quite a bit of shoving.

Again, on the Battle of Britain, Mr. Shirer says that the fundamental reason why Britain was not invaded in the autumn of 1940 was Hitler's fear of Russia, but later he contradicts this with: 'We still don't know exactly why the Nazis never attempted the invasion.' Russia apart, the unbeaten Royal Navy and R.A.F. surely provide most of the answer.

But Mr. Shirer can also hand it out to his own folk. He is critical of the blindness of American politicians, views with misgiving the widening of the 'awesome gulf' between the American and Russian worlds. 'What are lunatics?' asks his seven-year-old daughter. Mr. Shirer's reply is typically blunt: 'People in America and Russia who want war.'

JOHN NIVEN

GERMANY—BRIDGE OR BATTLEGROUND?

By James P. Warburg. *Heinemann.* 15s.

This book is, in the main, a report on Germany by an American journalist, first published in New York in August last year.

The author deals with Germany's social, political and economic condition and the political manœuvring of the Allies before and since the surrender; he also provides an indication of the general principles on which the German Peace should, in his view, be founded.

Mr. Warburg accurately summarises the future alternatives in his title. He believes that, whereas it is in the vital interests of world peace that a recurrence of German aggression shall be prevented, this will not be achieved by the present negative policy of the Allies. Germany must always be the economic hub of Europe and we cannot reasonably hope for lasting peace unless a peaceful and productive German nation takes its place in the heart of a peaceful and reasonably prosperous Europe.

Beyond this sound analysis of the importance of Germany's future to the peace of the world, Mr. Warburg is not prepared to go, except for a brief review of what he terms 'the broader context' (i.e. the relation of the German problem to the future organisation of world peace). In an extremely well-documented and painstaking work, this chapter is altogether less impressive, as the author does not advance beyond asking our acceptance of the Marxian principle of dialectic materialism as a realistic basis for practical international politics.

A 'supra-national' world government and a disinterestedly charitable and long-sighted American foreign policy are both thoroughly desirable, if somewhat commonplace, ideals. But it might be of greater practical value to the prospects of world peace if Mr. Warburg were to follow his own advice and attempt a formula for Allied policy in Germany and Austria on which the Big Four might conceivably be expected to agree.

One good point, however, is made in the author's very lucid exposure of the fallacy implicit in the idea of a United States of (Western) Europe: a conception of peace by a limited federation which, if put into practice, would divide Europe (and the world) irrevocably.

JAMES CLARK

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CARIBBEAN, SEA OF THE NEW WORLD

By Germàn Arciniegas. *Cassell.* 21s.

There has been something of a fashion in recent years for the writing of history in terms of oceans: there have, at any rate, been histories of the Mediterranean and of the Pacific. Dr. Arciniegas has not only these precedents for his history of the Caribbean but good historical excuse: it is just as valid to date the modern world from the discovery of the Caribbean by the Mediterranean as to talk, more imprecisely, of Columbus' discovery of America.

The author is himself a man of the Caribbean and he sees democracy rising from his own sea —the phrase is his own—as the Renaissance rose, like Venus, from the Mediterranean. We between the Atlantic and the German Ocean take a foggier view; our own latitudes are not as technicolored as his. But it is a highly coloured history that leads up to that dazzling view of sunrise in the West, and it is well told.

There is the old familiar tale of the first discoverers and explorers; of pirates, buccaneers, and the Anglo-Spanish wars. The author's achievement is to link these earlier chapters of Caribbean history with the later ones of Lafitte and Louisiana, Bolivar and Miranda, Napoleon and l'Ouverture, and to set all in their proper place as parts in the picture of the gradual liberation of the Caribbean people.

To the European reader, indeed, there is more than that, for it is new to have one book in which can be traced the West-Indian complex into which the strands of English, French and Spanish history found themselves knotted. To mention a few of the discoveries that Dr. Arciniegas has made for me: it was chocolate from Haiti that was drunk in the French salons of the eighteenth century, and Haiti's harbour held more French ships, on the eve of the Revolution, than Marseilles. It was over Darien that there was almost an Anglo-Scottish war in Queen Anne's day; it was the tale of a Caribbean buccaneer that begot Robinson Crusoe in the mind of Defoe; a Panama scandal that gave rise to the French anti-semitism that exiled the innocent Dreyfus to Devil's Island.

The Caribbean's is a long history and Dr. Arciniegas's is a long book. But it is packed and picturesque, as readable as a novel and as highly flavoured as a film. And if it can be argued that the history of his own sea has given the author delusions of future grandeur for its bordering countries, it is fair to say that it gives his European readers some entertaining sidelights on their own countries' coloured pasts.

CYRIL RAY

THE BURNING GLASS MISCELLANY No. 1
Ridgeway House, Shorne, Kent. M. Chaning-Pearce (Editor). 3s. 6d.

This is yet another publication seeking to point a new way of life, and for that reason, rather than for the level of its contents, it is significant. The argument of Mr. Chaning-Pearce in his editorial is that the Christian age charted for man a new world of the Spirit which reached its climax in mediæval times when the things of the Spirit were more real than those of the material world, but that since the Renaissance the mental climate of Europe has changed so radically that modern man is no longer at home in the world of the Spirit. The 'reverse movement from abstract spirituality to concrete fact has spent its force (and) man turns again, tentatively, gropingly, towards the realm of spirit.' The Burning Glass group seeks to speak of this to modern man in terms he can comprehend. It believes that 'the life of the Spirit and true personality is to be found in its most consummate form in a Christianity "deepened to its essence".'

George Seaver contributes an essay, justifying 'Philosophical Mysticism', in which he condemns 'rationalistic theology' and all such constructions and asserts that no external authority for belief can be recognised—there is only the freedom of the spirit. Dallas Kenmare explores 'The Problem of Personality'—his starting point is that view of the person we owe to Berdyaev. There are several poets, whose contributions, all mystical, show the influence of Yeats and Eliot. The most interesting is Morwenna Donnelly in 'The Doomed Generation'. All, however, seem anxious to speak in a doctrinal sense, and when doctrine flies in at the window, poetry flies out at the door.

The influence of Kierkegaard and Berdyaev upon the Burning Glass group is plainly exhibited. But its very allusiveness of approach and elusiveness of idea warn us of one danger inherent in philosophical mysticism—that when one rejects rationalisations and objectivisations, one may also reject the intellect. I know that *formally* this is not so, that in theory, so to speak, the claims of the intellect are admitted, but *emotionally* there is a hostility to the intellectualisations to which man's reason gives rise because they stand in the way of pure spiritual apprehension. Now it must be said that philosophical mysticism and modern personalism face a grave danger if they become anti-intellectual. The Burning Glass must transmit the illumination, as well as focus the warmth, of the Spirit.

LESLIE PAUL

THE WISDOM OF THE HEART
By Henry Miller. *Editions Poetry London.* 10s.

'I speak illogically, intuitively and with absolute certitude'; this is how Mr. Miller describes himself in 'The Absolute Collective', one of the essays included in this collection. He is the least 'literary' of authors; whether he is writing a story, an essay on a photographer, a film star or a philosopher, a fragment of autobiography or a criticism of contemporary life, his approach is always the same. The opening sentence of an essay on Reichel, a painter, is typical: 'My friend Reichel is just a pretext to enable me to talk about the world, the world of art and the world of men, and the confusion and eternal misunderstanding between the two.'

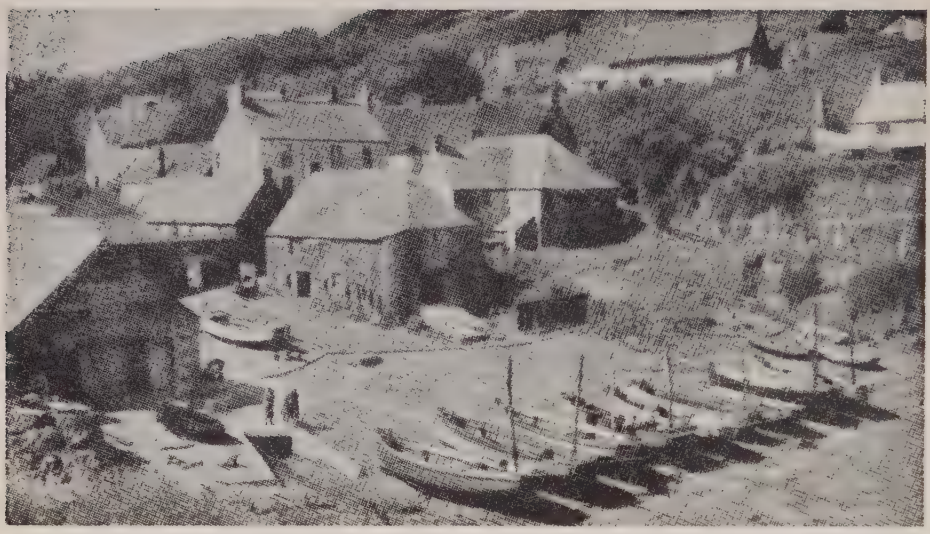
Though *The Wisdom of the Heart* consists mostly of essays on other people, these are not critical essays in the accepted sense; they are a part of Mr. Henry Miller's inexhaustible autobiography, the record of his own reactions and enthusiasms. Mr. Miller is not interested in achieving artistic perfection, 'objectivity' or mere literary competence; his business is to live and to reproduce every experience, emotional, intellectual and mystical, that comes his way. Consequently, and because 'human kind cannot bear very much reality', the more uncompromising of his books have been labelled 'pornography' and banned both in Great Britain and the United States.

The Wisdom of the Heart is a companion volume to an earlier collection from Henry Miller's works, *The Cosmological Eye*. It was not planned as a book and deals with a variety of subjects; nevertheless it is inspired by a single urge, the author's search for a fuller life, a widening and deepening of heart and head.

'In a real sense, life is something that has not yet begun,' he writes; '. . . when we have rid ourselves of the suicidal mania for a beyond, we shall begin the life of here and now which is reality and which is sufficient unto itself.'

Though Mr. Miller's writing is sporadic and of varying quality, it is always stimulating, while at times—as in 'The Alcoholic Veteran with the Washboard Cranium', and the essay on Cendrars—it attains an intensity unequalled in contemporary prose.

MICHAEL HAMBURGER



The lovely little village of Cadgwith: will it become an ornament of the Lizard National Park? From Cornwall, *by Peggy Pollard.* Vision of England *series. Paul Elek.* 9s. 6d.

THE LONDONER'S ENGLAND

By Alan Bott. *Avalon Press and William Collins.* 25s.

No London book can please every London lover; an editor cannot pretend to present the whole of London, and any compromise must fall short of the ideal. A city so various and vast will be all things to all men, and everyone can make his own anthology. The rest of us may well be content with this one.

It is based on a recent successful exhibition of London watercolours and drawings by contemporary artists, sponsored by the Central Institute of Art and Design. Mr. Bott had the pleasant idea of reproducing a large selection of the drawings, with a discursive and entertaining running commentary; and in addition he has added a number of new drawings.

The eighty-nine plates (thirty-two in colour) approach familiar scenes from new angles. Dennant Moss shows us Nelson's Column from Warwick Street, incidentally taking in a characteristic London pub on the way; and Mr. Bott comes along and discusses Nelson's Column, the poet Cowper, the pub, and Princess Charlotte. Or consider Randolph Schwabe's Clerkenwell Green, which with no sacrifice of truth he makes as attractive as the square of a market town; Mr. Bott's accompanying paragraphs people this unlikely neighbourhood with the ghosts of Cromwell, Pepys and Walton.

This same freshness enlivens the choice of scenes. A few are familiar enough—St. Paul's from the river, the Tudor houses in Holborn, Hyde Park Corner, Eros; but, these apart, this is in the main an unfamiliar London. Paddington Green, we now learn, has a poetry akin to that of Kew Green, and St. Paul's Covent Garden is still a handsomer barn than most.

Apart from his notes to each plate, Mr. Bott furnishes a long introduction in praise of London and gives us altogether enough amusing information to enliven a score of little 'walks in London'. The scene is set with a thousand familiar or strange faces—Dickens, Johnson, Shakespeare, on the one hand, and Dick Whittington or Ethelred the Unready upon the other. It is a gallery of great men, thieves, and politicians such as perhaps no other city could display.

The selection of views in the Home Counties —the 'Londoner's England' presumably—is less of general interest. There may be virtue in Arundel, Beaconsfield, Canterbury and Dover, down through the Home Counties alphabet to Wycombe; but most of us would have preferred more London. Almost a third of the book pictures scenes we may never gaze upon—Londoners or not—and by this much its attraction is diminished.

But so much remains, and this vision of London through the eyes of forty artists—Spurrier, Bury, Pimlott, Piper, Fletcher, Ginner, Muncaster—will long be esteemed for its faithful and imaginative presentation of the London landscape of nineteen-forty-seven.

CHRISTOPHER ADAMS

BALZAC

By Stefan Zweig. *Cassell.* 21s.

Stefan Zweig had been working at a biography of Balzac off and on for ten years before he died, and had thought of it as the book which would crown his life's work, but it was left to his friend, Mr. Richard Friedenthal, to prepare the manuscript for publication. The state of the material he had to work with and his methods of dealing with it are outlined by Mr. Friedenthal in an introduction. This makes it clear that, had Zweig lived to complete his work, the final result would not have been greatly different. The shape and treatment were already fully set, and nearly the whole of the book had already been written—much of it more than once.

There have been more heavily documented and more scholarly biographies of Balzac, but there does not exist, in English at any rate, a study so thoroughgoing in its attempt to confine the flamboyant and melodramatic figure of the author of the *Comédie Humaine* within the covers of a book.

Setting aside the unnumbered novels which Balzac wrote during his years of bare-faced, literary prostitution, and setting aside numerous plays, short stories and articles written during his years of maturity, there still remain seventy-four novels, nearly all of the first rank, written within the space of twenty years, the result of his prodigious effort to depict every type of human character in every sort of situation and environment. But in all the swarming population of the *Comédie Humaine* there is no single character who strains so hard at the tether of credibility as Balzac himself. Everything about him was prodigal and excessive. His business dealings were those of an insane gambler and romantic bungler; his years-long courtship of Madame de Hanska, which sent him careering over Europe faster than travel in those days normally permitted, is more like Hollywood than reality; and it was sheer excess which killed him, an excessive passion for work which drove him on year after year in an unrelenting surge of creative activity probably unequalled in the annals of literature.

The various women who influenced Balzac's life play a prominent part in this biography—and an extraordinary collection they are—all of them capable of arousing the most intense feeling in him, but none of them capable of preventing him from behaving like an infantile romantic. But Balzac in his most impressive aspect emerges as unmistakably as though he had been interpreted by Goya—Balzac the creative artist in his loose, monkish robe, dedicated to an immense task and driving on with it, night after night, year after year, in his silent room while Paris slept.

Obviously here is no subject for the austere and scholarly biographer; the trimming of the rough edges involves too great a loss. So Stefan Zweig turns what might have been a weakness into a strength. The writing is often highly charged; Zweig, as he himself put it, frequently 'sings an aria'—but the final result is a book with the dramatic sweep and intensity of a novel on the grand scale, a book which pulsates with extravagant life and which therefore reaches out to a truth less arid than that of scholarship, and more full-blooded than fiction.

The production of this book is noteworthy. It is beautifully printed and delightful to handle. One illustration of special interest is the example of Balzac's astonishing proof corrections. In the work of William and Dorothy Rose the accent of translation is hardly ever noticeable.

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ANDREAS-FRIEDRICH, Ruth. BERLIN UNDERGROUND 1939–1945. *Latimer House Ltd.* 12s. 6d.

Translated by Barrows Mussey. With an Introductory Note by Joel Sayre.

The authoress and her friends were consistent anti-Nazis both before and during the war. Here, in diary form, Mrs. Friedrich's story gives a picture of the anti-Nazi Underground Movement during the war. Mrs. Friedrich worked for Ullstein (famous Berlin publishers) and is now the editor of She, *an American Women's Weekly newspaper.*

ANDREWS, Robert Hardy. BURNING GOLD. *Hurst & Blackett.* 12s. 6d.

An historical novel of the violent days at the beginning of the eighteenth century when piracy tried men's souls. Tom Dover, a poor London doctor, possesses three things: an iron will, medical knowledge far in advance of his time, and a profound human philosophy. These three things win him the undying love of two women as different as any man could know.

ATOMIC ENERGY: Its International Implications. *Royal Institute of International Affairs.* 4s.

In September 1946 a group of scientists and other authorities was set up by the Council of the Royal Institute of International Affairs, under the chairmanship of Sir Henry Dale, to examine the problem of atomic energy and its effects on international relations. Here is their Report.

BALSTON, Thomas. JOHN MARTIN, 1789–1854: His Life and Works. *Duckworth.* 25s.

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The Myth of Security

THERE is a basic paradox in coupling the word 'defence' with modern military means and methods. The atomic bomb, the long-range plane, the giant missile have demolished so many 'security' concepts that defence, measured by any military yardstick, has become chiefly a reflex of retaliation. In a search for defence, men have broken the boundaries of space and solved many of the mysteries of nature. But, ironically, they have made themselves less secure than before. The rise of nation-states, the growth of populations, the industrial revolution and a new technological revolution have made war 'total'. 'Defence' is completely incompatible with the realities of modern warfare, and if it dominates the military thinking of a nation, it is a term synonymous with defeat. No theory of limited liability, of defensive strategy or tactics, can win the war of tomorrow.

Man's attempts to limit the destructiveness and outlaw some of the horror of war are not likely to succeed unless power is linked to reality. The great general problem of the twentieth century, as of all past centuries, is to harness justice with power, idealism with realism. Moral factors—the ebb and flow of intangible forces, the surge of national wills, the things of the spirit, man's consciousness of right and wrong—are realities and cannot be omitted from any reckoning of power which pretends to be trustworthy. But the fact remains that though moral scruples, embodied in such international laws as the divided peoples of the earth have come to accept, may serve as deterrents to aggressor nations, the fear of a swift counter-punch—retaliation in kind—is in the present state of affairs the weightiest argument against aggression. The American military problem is how to land that counter-punch. That is the problem of 'defence', and it obviously has many aspects.

Foreign Affairs

American View of Turkey

THE Turkish Republic's credits far outweigh its debits. It has moved an almost incredible distance along the road from the Ottoman Middle Ages toward Western democracy. The tremendously significant fact is that to the Turks the West does represent the good society. Turkey really wants to be a 'Western' country, and takes American approval or disapproval very seriously. Such off-hand criticism as Henry A. Wallace's recent statement that 'many Allied divisions were immobilised throughout the war because we never knew on whose side this [Turkish] army was preparing to fight'—a statement which has in it not the smallest grain of truth—seems to go unnecessarily far out of the way to take a slap at people who want to be friends with us. Perhaps American journalists and public speakers who are intent upon altering the course of American foreign policy might remind themselves that tolerance is, after all, one of the democratic virtues, and that, although Turkey is by no means a perfect democracy, neither are we, though we have been at the business much more than a short quarter of a century. Turks believe that our immense power is not merely the result of luck but is somehow the product of our society and government. They welcome the assistance which we are currently giving them and grant us the right to insist that it not be used deliberately to perpetuate the one-party system, to consolidate the control of civil and military bureaucracy, or to subsidise a fatuous economic autarchy. They are willing to believe that the United States will use its power and prestige for the benefit of the Turkish and American peoples, whose interest in a free and peaceful world is mutual.

The Turkey of today is a free nation, fiercely determined to remain free. It is struggling toward democracy against tremendous obstacles, and making progress. We may properly be pleased at her friendship.

Foreign Affairs

Alternatives for Europe

ALTHOUGH the United States is determined to carry out the Marshall Plan and promote the economic recovery of Western Europe, and although it has the full support of Great Britain, there are, nevertheless, two theses with regard to the future of Anglo-American policy.

According to one thesis it is enough to promote economic recovery, because it will be accompanied or followed by political recovery —and by political recovery the restoration of internal stability is indicated. Western Europe will then be immune to disruption and will exercise such an attractive power over the countries of Eastern Europe that these countries will be drawn out of the Russian orbit. Indeed, the time will come when the Soviet Union itself will be unable to resist the attraction, will give up its Communism, adopt 'true democracy', and settle down to a peaceful and prosperous existence in complete concord with the Western world. It is upon a thesis of this nature that Anglo-American policy is based today. Its extreme exponent is Mr. Walter Lippmann, who advises the United States to abandon all military commitments in Western and Southern Europe and to rely, in the case of supreme necessity, on the destruction of Russian centres of industry by missiles projected across the Atlantic or over the North Pole.

There are, however, some persistent doubts with regard to the validity of this thesis—doubts which have led to the development of a second thesis which, although not accepted by the Governments of the United States and Great Britain, is nevertheless forcing itself upon their attention. According to this second thesis, the chances of recovery in Western and Southern Europe can be wrecked by the Soviet Union and the Cominform. Hostile action in Italy, Greece, France and Germany, if it is maintained —and there is no reason to suppose it will not be—can at least retard (and has already retarded) the recovery of Europe. If nothing is done to prevent such hostile action at its sources—and so far nothing has been done and nothing is being contemplated—it will go on and may even be made far more effective than it is at present.

Can the Western Powers submit indefinitely to Russian offensive action without any counteraction? Is it not necessary, or at least will it not soon become necessary, to defend Western and Southern Europe by a more forceful policy which will compel Russia to desist from further offensive action? Those who accept the first thesis have no answer to these questions. Those who accept the second would answer that it is impossible to remain passive much longer because the countries of Western Europe cannot recover if they are exposed to incessant and cumulatively effective hostile action.

Continental News Service

The Real Issue

THE real issue is not in the threatening imminence of another war, but in the deep-seated belief that only organisation can save us from it. Nationalists everywhere are obsessed by the idea that a tremendous military organisation—a mass army in peacetime—is necessary to prevent attack. Internationalists are equally convinced that a world-organisation with more power than any one nation can alone safeguard the peace. The motives of these two—the nationalists and the internationalists—are in direct moral conflict, but both have succumbed to the same delusion. Both imagine that *their* organisation will secrete a magic essence that will make them different from any previous organisation. The nationalist dreams of an army that will train for and plan the annihilation of entire continents of men, while loving and preserving 'peace'. The internationalist organiser expects the name and form of world government to transform the present international shambles into a world of social ideals.

When the spirit of human hope—the animating impulse of every great revolution—conceives its future in terms of organisation, that spirit is itself afflicted with an inner decay. It will recover only when the psychology of human organisations—involving 'patriotism', 'national honour', 'class consciousness', and other familiar ideas—begins to be understood. Until then, national states will continue to demand mighty armaments, and internationalists will continue to insist that 'strengthening' the United Nations is our 'only hope'.

Calling upon the United Nations to create the conditions for international security is like expecting the betatron or some similar atom-building device to resurrect Hiroshima and Nagasaki. No organisation can create either peace or the conditions of peace; peace is a by-product of the processes of a morally stable human society, and there is no way to get peace except by finding out what these processes are and how to establish them.

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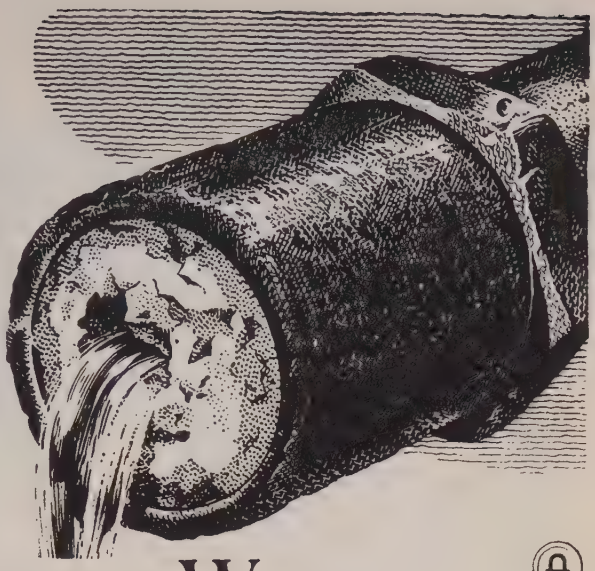

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Tasmanian Scandal

IT is a curious fact that, unless political scandals occur in France or the United States, they fail to catch the interest of the average Englishman, who probably imagines that anywhere else they are not true expressions of profound national characteristics. As for political scandals in the Commonwealth, the extreme tendency is to consider them altogether out of the question.

In Australia, however, the present Tasmanian scandal is, of course, part and parcel of the daily news, and the opponents of the Labour Party are going to make the most of it. To them, here is a prime example of the evils of Government by caucus. It is a first-class affair for the accusations are pitched against no less a person than Mr. Cosgrave, the Tasmanian Premier, and amount to charges of bribe-taking from road transport operators who sought to avoid undesirable legislation.

These accusations have been so substantial that a Royal Commission has been at work, and the Premier has resigned to face the judgment of a criminal court. And with the resignation of the Premier came that of his Government. The Labour Party are in no position to relish this unsavoury turn of events; the issue of bank nationalisation is raging without cessation and indeed, from an important political standpoint, the worst in this has yet to come.

Whitehall News

Spain in World Affairs

WAR is lurking for the world, just as disease threatens the individual, for the same reason, namely, that international life, like human life, is always the result of a difficult balance, which may easily be upset.

The reason for this pessimism lies in the variety of virulent centres of infection, which analysis discovers in the modern world. It lies above all in the common denominator of these centres, which makes them resemble, not a number of local eruptions, but a sort of general invasion, or, to continue the medical simile, we should speak of '*Communist septicæmia*'.

The conflict in Greece is an eruption of this Communist infection; and so far the international doctors are not treating it at all in the proper way. The Communist offensive in the Balkans is certainly opening the eyes of the world to the reality of the Soviet attack on Spain. What they would not believe, when it happened to us, is now being proved true: namely that the 'International Brigades' are no more than the 'Army of the Third International'.

For us Spaniards, unfortunately, the names of these paladins of the new 'People's Democracies' are all too well known: the Titos, the Dimitroffs, the Langes, the Gottwalds and the Holdos, the Karanovs and Tochevs. All of them trod our soil then at the orders of the Comintern, just as today they invade Greece under the orders of the Cominform. I must repeat that this has thrown so much light on our war and our stand that in the truly democratic world it is recognised we have ceased to constitute a danger to peace and have rather become a bulwark of peace.

SPANISH FOREIGN MINISTER in *Spain*

Progress of Standardisation

DURING the past twenty-five years, the Swedish Standards Association has done much to simplify and cheapen production. It has standardised printing and writing paper, china, doors and windows, bicycles, etc. The number of blanket types has been brought down from seventy-five to four, the sizes of table napkins from seventeen to one; one hundred and fifteen different types of jugs have been reduced to eight, etc. The association has a board of some fifty representative members, while the standardisation work proper is carried out by about two hundred committees and sub-committees with a total membership of 1,500, representing practically all fields of production and performing their work virtually without fees.

An exhibition was recently arranged by the Stockholm Technical Museum in collaboration with about forty Swedish industries, showing the progress made in Sweden in the field of standardisation. A wide range of standardised products was on show. A shop-window with food products in standardised packing of various types made a very good impression, as did an exhibition of telephone relays, of which not long ago 308 types were manufactured, while the number has now been brought down to 55. There was also a series of popular working exhibits, such as models of electric and steam locomotives of the standard types used by the Swedish State Railways. A striking example of the need for more rapid standardisation was an exhibit of no less than 200 different pattern screwdrivers; in the exhibitor's opinion these could be replaced by, a far smaller number of standard types, which would meet all requirements.

Anglo-Swedish Review

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THIS ENGLAND... No. 13

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Empire Pipe Dream?

THE great concept of a family of nations trading freely one with another, generously and according to the special needs of each member, is no more.

John Bull, to pay his national rent, has had to take in an international lodger, a lodger called Uncle Sam. And the lodger is after the pretty daughter of the house, the comely Miss Empire Trade.

It is difficult to see what Britain stands to gain from the Geneva decisions. For £153,300,000 worth of trade tariffs (at pre-war valuation) she is given advantages on £92 millions worth of exports. With £36 millions worth of Empire Preferences she buys from America concessions on British exports worth £23,500,000. The fact of the matter is that this is yet another of the consequences of the American Loan agreement. Faced with dollar famine the Government *has* to increase trade with the provider of dollars—the United States, or risk famine of another sort. And Empire Preference was the price.

West African Review

Tito Fights 'Reaction'!

LET us hope no Brooklyn Dodger fan ever finds himself at a Yugoslav ball game. His raucous vociferations will not be appreciated. His uninhibited invitation to 'kill the umpire' will smack of high treason.

The Yugoslav Sports Council has condemned such 'reactionary' practices as disorderly cheering and whistling by spectators at games because they 'provoke hatred and stir the passions.' Disorderly hatred and disorderly passions, you understand. The monolithic, totalitarian State cannot afford to encourage spontaneous expressions of feeling. Antipathy and enthusiasm must be cut to order, evoked with push-button precision, directed toward the proper enemies or champions of the State.

Moreover, Balkan sports have traditionally been the vehicles for political feelings. Even ping-pong has sometimes been synonymous with intrigue, and glee clubs have been the organs of underground movements. So when Yugoslav authorities attempt to outlaw spontaneous demonstrations at ball games, they are clearly worried about something more than good manners. Are they afraid that someone really might kill the umpire?

Christian Science Monitor

Ideologies *ad nauseam*

It is now almost a platitude to say that a clash of ideologies underlies the rift that is so noticeable in the world today. We from the East, who are intimately familiar with the dire want, the poverty and suffering and starvation, that prevail there, may be forgiven for thinking, however, that ideology is less important than practice. We cannot eat an ideology; we cannot brandish an ideology, and feel that we are clothed and housed. Food, clothes, shelter, education, medical services —it is these things that we need. We know that we can only obtain them by our joint effort as a people, and with the help and co-operation of those who are more fortunately circumstanced than ourselves. The conflict of ideology, or whatever it may be, that is plunging the world into gloom and tension, seems so sadly irrelevant to these great human problems, problems that vitally affect a half and more than a half of the world's population. *Indian Information*

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Before touring Latin America after a 10-months' tour of Europe, Reves was interviewed by American Federalists. 'My recent experience abroad,' said Reves, 'convinces me that the World Government movement should be crystal-clear and wholly forthright in its principles, should state its objectives in words that can be carved in marble.' It can be disastrous, he thinks, to allow any public confusion on the difference between the U.N. structure and that of a World Government. *Humanity*

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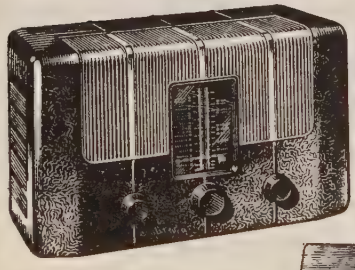

B119 Battery model £14.13.4 (excluding Batteries) including Purchase Tax.

THIS is for your private ear. Yes, that one. Because a missing component has been arriving in some quantity in recent weeks, we have been able to complete quite a number of two Murphy models which have been in short supply. This has happened exactly at the time when a lot of people have spent all their money (Christmas and all that). So for the next few weeks there is a very good chance that you could walk into your Murphy Dealer and say "I want a B119 (or an A122)" — *and get it!*

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School for Fish

DR. T. J. WALKER, zoologist of the University of Wisconsin, has discovered that the perception of smell works even under water—at least for minnows. He reported last week on experiments in an odour aquarium. He trained his fish to like certain plant odours by rewarding them with food, and to dislike others by punishing them with electric shocks. Thus conditioned, the minnows responded by reacting to odours diluted far below the sensitivity of human nostrils. Dr. Walker suggested that this talent might be put to practical use by training fish to sniff out impurities in the public water supply. *Newsweek*

Crisis-proof Assets

WHEN a country has lost a war, the number of its dogs always rises. In hard times watch-dogs are needed, dogs for the blind, faithful companions, with or without pedigrees, and expensive pure-bred dogs, too, as valuable capital assets. 'Puppy factories' come into existence, threatening the good reputation of the genuine breeders; their output finds its way exclusively on to the black market. When at a show in Cologne, for instance, 35,000 m. was bid for a fox-terrier—a first-class champion dog, Gallant Fox of Emsthal—and the owner refused the offer when an English expert in Hamburg explained that this animal would fetch 15,000 to 20,000 dollars in the U.S.A. without question; then the layman can only stand aghast, while the breeder congratulates himself on his work—and on possessing a crisis-proof asset.

Pups with pedigrees, dachshunds, spitz, and terriers, for example, cost on an average in 1937 from 80 to 100 m. Now a breeder or dealer asks anything from 350 to 1,000 m. The black market prices are from 1,000 m. up. A greyhound, as a puppy, fetched in 1937 between 150 and 300 m.; in 1947, 3,000 m.; on the black market, from 3,000 m. upwards. A champion at a show recently fetched 18,000 m. Sheepdogs, dobermans, airedales, boxers, newfoundlands, were to be had in 1937 for between 40 and 100 m. The official purchase price now is 1,500–2,000 m. For year-old dogs, with all papers and pedigrees, the price will be double. Champions, or particularly fine offspring of distinguished sires, always fetch special prices. Some 23,000 licensed dogs bark in the streets of Hamburg and sniff at its few remaining trees. But the tax collectors declare that there are at least 30,000 more unlicensed. *Die Welt* (Hamburg)

'What nice existentialist hands you've got!'
LES LETTRES FRANÇAISES

From Sword to Pen

PUBLISHERS are nibbling at Eisenhower's sales price of $500,000 for his forthcoming memoirs but are none too happy about it. If the General should get the Republican presidential nomination, the book would be a gold mine. But, if not, it might turn out to be just another important war book, useful to the historians but not necessarily a lure for the reader's dollars. If the General's plans go through, he probably will get more for his memoirs than anyone in the past. He wants to sell his book outright, including all royalty, serial and movie rights. Subject to a Treasury ruling, his $500,000 then would be taxed as a capital gain. He would retain $375,000, enough to make him independent for life. At the usual income and surtax rates, he would have less than $100,000 left. The General has disclosed a tax angle that others now are exploring. *U.S. News-World Report*

Robot Memory

THE latest robot invention bringing man nearer the arrival of a near-human robot is that of a mechanical memory in the form of a 'memory tube' which will store any kind of image as long as desired.

It is a development from a radar screen and the product of the United States Naval Research Laboratory. It operates by using three electronic beams, the first of which records the image, the second supplies energy holding it in place, and the third reads it for transmission elsewhere. Reading does not destroy the image any more than reading a book affects type. This electrical image can be stored for several hours without appreciable loss of detail. *Forum*, Johannesburg

WHICH ARE YOU?

Do you find that life is crushing your hopes and your ambition? Everything you tackle seems too big. You know you have the potentialities to succeed, and yet you find it impossible to cope with the multitude of difficulties that harass your endeavours. There may be certain weaknesses which retard your progress; doubts, fears, lack of concentration or similar common failings which undermine individual effort. You naturally envy the man who, by his poise and personality and his ability to think clearly, forges ahead and achieves success in his work and in his social life.

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One of Three

If India is to occupy a place in the industrial world, the aim should be to reach within the next ten years at least the level attained by the glass industries in other countries. The Panel on Glass Industries appointed by the Government of India which makes this observation, adds, 'Indeed, glass is today one of the triumvirate of modern industrial materials—the other two being steel and rubber.' *India News*

Glow and Be Safe!

Because pedestrians still insist on getting themselves injured and—in some cases—killed in traffic accidents, Toronto's Traffic Safety Council has come up with a new wrinkle to protect life and limb.

They will soon be able to carry what amounts to their own lights attached to hats, clothing of all kinds, shoes, hand-bags, and even walking canes. This 'light'—if it may be called such—will be in the nature of a 'Glow' fabric and it will be used particularly in an effort to cut down accidents among elderly people and youngsters.

For example, one material—called Acrolyte—will glow for five or six hours after it has been charged with light and it will be used as belts for children to wear when they are on the streets after dark. Old folks who have difficulty crossing the street at night will be able to wear arm- and cuff-bands that will be seen by motorists 500 and 1,000 feet away.

Of course, the very first use for Glow fabrics will be for traffic policemen at night, but it is being made available to the general public at the cost of a very few cents per strip.

A second—and more colourful—material goes under the name of 'Scotch Light'. It does not store up light the way Acrolyte will, but it reflects fancy white and red designs in traffic lights. This material can be stuck to the rear of bicycles, on handle-bars, ladies handbags and on the heels of their shoes.

These materials, of course, are not really new but their use in this manner is being introduced into Canada for the first time by the Toronto Traffic Safety Council.

The sum total of it all is that shortly, in Toronto, you will be able to add to the definition of the word 'pedestrian' the phrase: 'It shines in the dark!' *Canada's Weekly*

The pleasures of the table..

It's not necessarily *how much* you eat, but just as likely *what* you eat that brings on indigestion; hurried meals and worry are other causes. 150 years ago 'Dr. Jenner's' won world fame for the speedy relief of indigestion. The speed and stress of modern life and diet restrictions make the need for the comforting services of 'Dr. Jenner's Absorbent Lozenges' equally great to-day. Prices 1/7 & 3/9 from Chemists everywhere, or address below. Send a postcard for Free Sample in vest-pocket case.

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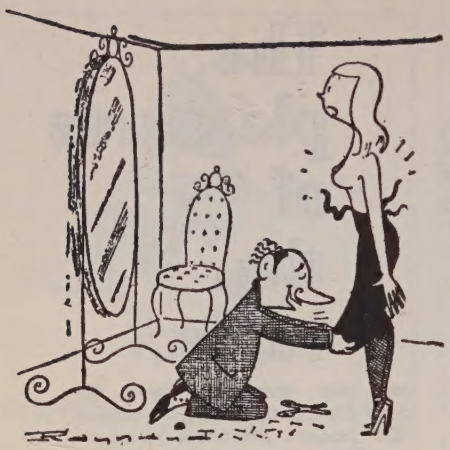

'There now, by pulling it down a little, the skirt acquires the "new look"' LA FRANCE

Faith without Charity

IN Paris, a divorce was granted to a woman who testified that her 39-year-old-husband, who had had a 'sheltered childhood', never gave her any Christmas presents because he believed that Santa Claus would provide.

Time

Exchange is no Robbery!

A YOUNG girl, whose parents occupy the house next to that of Einstein, became very friendly with the great mathematician. Nearly every day after her classes she visited him.

Her mother, flattered but surprised, ended up by asking the celebrated professor what her daughter could possibly talk to him about.

'Oh!' replied Einstein simply, 'she brings me sweets and I give her arithmetical problems.'

Les Lettres Françaises

What Does A. Do?

A POLISH soldier in Britain who decided to return to Poland arranged with his friend who stayed behind that if he found the situation in Poland satisfactory he would send a photograph of himself standing up, and his friend should return home. If, however, the situation was unbearable, the photograph would be in a sitting position, and his friend should not return. After a time there arrived a photograph of the repatriate . . . in a lying position.

Polish Press Agency

Science Marches On

IN London, Dr. Hugh B. Cott of the Cambridge Museum of Zoology reported that his three-man panel of experts, after sampling the eggs of eighty-one species of birds, had come to an authoritative conclusion: big eggs usually taste better than little ones.

Time

Pravda 'Smells' a Rat

PRAVDA's Berlin correspondent, Uyui Korlokov, reports that British perfume manufacturers recently 'forced' a Cologne plant manager to produce a secret, special Eau de Cologne and that now the entire output is going to England.

He declared these British business men were formerly competitors of the Cologne firm but have now obtained the secret of the special Eau de Cologne which provided them with their stiffest competition.

The Cologne is being sent to Britain, the *Pravda* writer explained, because it is forbidden to sell in Germany perfumes which contain alcohol. Moscow radio said the *Pravda* writer also reported that in Lippe, a comb and button factory had been dismantled 'in the interests of a British firm which now monopolises comb and button manufacture.'

New York Herald Tribune

Short(hand) Cut to Film Fame

DO you want to become a success in films? Then learn shorthand. That's the advice of producer-director S. Sylvan Simon, who directed Franchot Tone and Lucille Ball in Columbia's comedy hit, 'Her Husband's Affairs'. Mr. Simon says that stenographers—male or female—are in the best position of all to become a success in films. 'The stenographer,' he points out, 'is involved in every operation that goes on in a studio.

'From stenographer to writer, director or producer, is just a series of steps. I took up shorthand and typing when I was directing shorts, and I know there's nothing that goes on in a studio without a stenographer there to take notes or type up material.'

Columbia News Bulletin

One Way to the Altar

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Advertisement in *France-Soir*

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